THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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STILL MARCHING ON.

Parnell, with Ireland Behind Him, Makes Gladstone and the English Liberals Come to Terms.

Genuine Home Rule to be the Outcome of the Struggle—Statements and Rumors.

Remarkable Speech of the Irish Leader at Tralee.

Mr. Parnell in O'Connell's Stronghold.

DUBLIN, Feb. 1.—Mr. Parnell spoke at Ennis in the following stirring and determined words yesterday: "We stand now, without doubt, on the threshold of real legislative independence. Our native country, Ireland, now, as always, stands fast to her claim to be sovereign within her own kingdom. She refuses to stand any English veto and declines to obey the orders of any English minister, as far as her own business is concerned, while always ready to give a guarantee that no harm can possibly result to the great imperial interests of the United Kingdom by the concession to Ireland of legitimate freedom and independence. On the other hand, Irishmen are determined that the solution of the problem is to be not merely a treaty of peace between two nations, but a real and lasting settlement of a vexed question. In a few weeks you shall know the truth of my present declaration, you shall know that you have won a settlement of the question which shall be everlastingly creditable to your patriotism. You will have a parliament which will not be a mere mockery, a body of puppets, but which will possess real power to protect the interests of every class of the people. Power, if need be, to settle the land question, to secure the disarmament of the Irish constabulary and to convert it from a standing army of occupation to a civil force of protection."

During the afternoon Mr. Parnell was presented with addresses by numerous public bodies. In the evening he returned to Dublin en route to London. Today's meeting was the last of those definitely arranged for by Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Parnell's journey from Dublin to Ennis was a triumphant progress. There was a remarkable series of demonstrations in his honor all along the route. At every stoppage an address was presented to Mr. Parnell, to which he briefly replied. At Athlone thousands of people had gathered at the station with bands, torches, and illuminated devices and the crowd vainly tried to persuade Mr. Parnell to stop there.

Upon arriving at Ennis Mr. Parnell was greeted by the Reception Committee and by a dense multitude of people from all the surrounding districts. A procession was formed with bands and banners and Mr. Parnell was escorted to the place of meeting in front of the O'Connell statue, where a platform had been erected. Mr. John Finucane, M. P., from East Limerick, presided at the meeting.

The Irish Question in England.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—Parnell has consented to retire, but in defeat he has achieved one of his greatest victories. The terms of the Irish settlement, which will no doubt be accepted by both factions of the Nationalist party, were made known by Justin McCarthy to his followers tonight and became generally known in the lobby. The main point of difference which prolonged the Boulogne conference and almost defeated the efforts at reconciling the Irish factions was in regard to the constabulary, Messrs. Gladstone, Morley, and Harcourt being unwilling to agree that the constabulary as it is should be turned over to the control of an Irish parliament, and Mr. Parnell, on the other hand, insisting that nothing less would suffice. Other prominent liberals, rather to the surprise of Mr. Gladstone, were in favor of genuine Home Rule for Ireland, including the control of the police as a non military body. It being made apparent that Dillon, O'Brien and Gill were with Parnell in requiring a substantial assurance as to the character of a Home Rule bill, Mr. Gladstone made those assurances through Mr. Morley.

The McCarthyites tonight authorized this statement of several points in the treaty between the rival factions: Mr. Dillon will become chairman of the Irish parliamentary party, and Mr. Parnell will for the time efface himself. Mr. O'Brien will return to America to resume the collection of funds. This will only last until the general election.

The *Times* gives this version of the settlement: "Parnell and O'Brien will go to America, McCarthy will remain chairman for the present, and Dillon will surrender himself to imprisonment, the understanding being that he will be nominated as leader at the next session."

The *Standard* believes that the Liberal leaders have promised Home Rule to the Irish parliamentary party, the scheme as agreed upon empowering the Irish parliament to control the police and deal with the land question, and that, if any part of the plan is still unsettled it is that the English Liberals insist on a right of veto to be reserved to the imperial parliament as in the bill of 1886. To this, however, both sections of the Irish party will doubtless agree, and Parnell will retire for a time and visit America.

This arrangement, however, is not entirely satisfactory to the Liberals, because they only get rid of Parnell for a time. The vigorous leader has succeeded in again firmly intrenching himself in the affections of the people, and the virtual concession of what he demanded has again elevated him to a place of commanding importance in the eyes of the English Liberals, as was evident today on his return from Ennis. He looked haughtier than ever. Several of the McCarthyites looked as if they would like to speak to him, but he strode along as if he did not see them. The Tories and dissenting Liberals are preparing for a desperate struggle now that the Home Rule programme is revealed, and the indications are that the religious issues will be made a prominent feature of the anti Irish agitation, and that the cry of priestly influence will be raised on every platform.

Justin McCarthy, speaking at Liverpool, said that if the minority of the Irish party would not yield the majority might as well disband. For his own part he was willing to accept any settlement looking to peace and union, and the signs were hopeful that a settlement would be arrived at. As for the land question, the imperial parliament must settle that, either before or concurrently with the adoption of the Home Rule bill. An Irish parliament would be perfectly competent to reorganize the constabulary as a civil force.

Seven times within the past seven weeks has Ireland pronounced emphatically in favor of Charles Stewart Parnell. The meetings at Cork, Dublin, Limerick, Tralee, Athlone, Waterford and Ennis have been remarkable for sustained enthusiasm for the deposed leader, and as nationalist demonstrations have had great effect in England as proving the activity of the man who has been so frequently of late read out of the party. There is little doubt but an overwhelming majority of the anti Parnellites are anxious for a settlement not only on general grounds, but because the financial situation is daily becoming more and more embarrassing. On the Parnell side of the question the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* declares that it is believed that the present week will be one of great importance in current Irish history, and expresses the most earnest hopes for the reunion of the divided factions.

Mr. Gladstone evidently has no intention of retiring from public life for the present. He has taken a house for the season on Park lane, overlooking Hyde Park. It is known that the recent rumors of his intended withdrawal from public life hurt Mr. Gladstone's feelings so much that he refuses to reply to any inquiry on the subject. Mr. Morley is reported as saying that Mr. Gladstone is in vigorous condition, both of mind and body, and means to persevere in the advocacy of great reforms which, he is certain, will eventually triumph, and that the Liberal party is as united as ever is support of their leader.

Parnell to the Kerrymen.

Mr. Parnell addressed a large meeting at Tralee on Sunday, Jan. 18. It was an out door meeting and was held in the square of the town. The universal opinion is that a finer assemblage has never since the days of O'Connell gathered in Tralee. The big square was packed with people, and every window in the surrounding houses was crowded, principally with ladies, who displayed the most intense enthusiasm. Mr. Parnell was listened to throughout with the deepest attention—not a single voice was heard in opposition to him throughout the entire proceedings of the day. Mr. Edward R. Murphy, chairman of the Tralee Board of Guardians, was voted to the chair.

Mr. T. Mangan moved "That this meeting of the people of Tralee, and Kerry in general express our unabated confidence in the leadership of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell." Mr. J. Slattery seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

Mr. Parnell, who was received with cheers, said: Men of Tralee and Kerry, it does not often fall to the lot of a man to address in the same town, under the same chairman, and to the same people, after an interval of fifteen years—(A Voice—We'll have another fifteen years of you)—(cheers) the same sentiments and the same opinions, but I am proud to stand in your midst today to remind you of the words which I spoke to you on the 19th of Nov., 1878, and to ask you in what single aspect I have failed to carry out the principles for which I then obtained your acceptance—(A Voice—Always true to the core)—(cheers), in what single item I have failed to obtain for you the benefits that I then promised you (cries of "Never"). Read in the light of later day events it was not a very ambitious programme that I then placed before you. I told you that if you supported me and gave me help in the house of commons and in Ireland I would obtain for

THE TENANT FARMERS

a reduction of their rents (cheers), and that after that reduction there was a fair chance of enabling the tenant farmers to become the owners of their holdings, and that after the Irish tenant farmers were made free and independent men this class would be an important ally in enabling the Irish nation to recover their legislative independence (cheers). Did I, fellow countrymen, deceive you on that day? (No, no). Did I promise you more than I could perform? If anything I undershot the mark, and I can point today to the Land Act of 1881, to the Arrears Act of 1882, which saved fifty thousand small farmers in this and other counties from immediate fear of eviction, and lifted from them an overwhelming load of arrears of three million pounds sterling (cheers). I can point, I say, to the Labourers' Act of 1883 (cheers), and the Land Act of 1887, that admitted the lease holders and reduced the judicial rents; and I can point above all to the admission of public opinion all the world over that in the concession to Ireland of the rights of self government alone rests the permanent solution of the Irish question (cheers) in vindication of the honesty of my heart and the soundness of my judgment. When I spoke to you in 1878 (cheers)——

A Voice—It would be hard to get rid of so true a man.

Mr. Parnell—Now, we have come to an important juncture in Irish history, and I want you to try this question by the only true test—the test of experience—not only of me but of the experience which the study of your history has given to your mind and judgment (cheers); and I ask you above and beyond all the vague declarations of English statesmen, in defiance of the threats and intimidation of a

FALSE AND SPURIOUS ENGLISH PUBLIC OPINION,

I ask you to depend today in bringing your best judgment to the solution of this question, and to the direction of your hearts and action to be guided not by these inducements and forces, but by your own instinctive knowledge of the right path; to choose by your own experience in dealing with English parties, and by the knowledge of the man who stood by you through all the storms, the dangers, and the uncertainties of sixteen long years, and who has never betrayed you (cheers, and cries of "Never"); who has always tried, with whatever strength he had, that his course must be the course of his people at home (cheers); that his judgment must be the judgment of the men who had sent him to Westminster, and who had given him his place as leader of the Irish nation (cheers); and who, with this knowledge in his heart, never felt afraid of any foe, and who is not afraid today so long as he knows his conduct and his judgment will commend themselves to the heart of the Irish people (cheers). Now, my fellow countrymen, I can't, in the compass of my voice, address this immense meeting; but there are some matters which I ought to bring before you. When you are called upon to

SURRENDER YOUR INDEPENDENCE

to the tag rag and bob tail of an English party (cries of "Never") under the penalty of losing Home Rule, I ask you to consider—firstly, what is it you are going to lose; and secondly, will you lose it (cries of "No"). Now, what is it you are going to lose?

A Voice—Won't lose you.

Mr. Parnell—So far as we know you going to lose very little more than power of giving a few fat places to pectant lawyers in Dublin (groans, a voice—Tim Healy); and in return for the places these expectant lawyers—no for then expectant—are going to attempt sell the birthright of Irish nationality a mess of pottage (groans, and cries "Down with them"); and not even a mess of pottage for the Irish people, but a for themselves (renewed groans). W am glad that I have no further responsibility for the working of such a mess as this. If it is ever passed I will responsible any longer for the weak of the English Liberal party. I shall my hold. I shall keep a firm grip until know that you are going to get the kind of Home Rule that you expect to get (cheers); and I am young enough to

FIGHT THIS QUESTION OUT

until we succeed in winning it together. (A Voice—"Bravo," and cheers). It is admitted no party can govern Ireland without coercion. That is admitted, and do the Liberals mean to tell me that they are going to turn their back on their pledges and attempt to govern Ireland by coercion with Westminster? Let them try (loud cheers). But before they try they have got to go into power (cheers). They tried to get into power without us in 1885, and it failed—A Voice—"And will always fail")—and it was not until they failed that they became converted to Home Rule (cheers). And if this weary old road is to be trodden again by us, we will make them tread it too (cheers), and we shall have this additional advantage on our side, that we shall not have turned our back upon our pledges and our declarations; that we shall have held to the same claim and the same demand for Ireland to manage her own affairs (cheers), while giving every reasonable guarantee that the greater interests of the Empire and of England shall not suffer by the concession of this right (cheers). This is the position we have taken up from the beginning. If it was right in January, 1886, it is no less right now today (cheers); and if it is right today, the sense of justice of the civilized world will not forever permit Ireland to be the Lazarus amongst the nations (cheers); and if the sense of justice of the world should fail us, believe me that Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, will only have disappointed your present expectations to crown our country with that greater glory of complete independence which may yet be reserved for us (cheers).

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremmer's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Attention! If you desire a fine head of hair of a natural hue and free from dandruff, Hall's Hair Renewer is the best and safest preparation to accomplish it.

AN IRISH KING.

Strange as it May Seem, Ireland has a Monarch of Her Own, but His Authority Extends Only to the Claddagh.

The Annual "Blessing of the Sea" in the Bay of Galway.

THE CLADDAGH OF GALWAY.

In former days the king, or mayor, was elected annually with great pomp and ceremony. He was chosen from among the other men because of his intelligence and wisdom. His duty it was to guide the fleet safely at sea, understand the laws of the bay and see them enforced; while on land he was the lawgiver of the entire colony, none of whom ever dreamt of going into a land shark's law court, but abided rigidly by every decision of their own chief. Up to a comparatively recent period he was equally powerful on sea. He regulated the days on which the fleet went out and the time at which the great annual herring fishery commenced, before which time no strange craft dare come poaching in the bay; for should any such poacher be discovered by the scouts kept on watch, the law was that their tackle should be seized and destroyed. When the fleet sailed out, the king, acting as admiral, led the way—a color at the mast head distinguishing his boat—chose the fishing ground, and gave the signal at which every boat cast its nets at the same moment, so that all might be equal sharers in the harvest God was pleased to send.

Then when the fleet came home—the king's boat, according to etiquette, being invariably last to come in, as it was first to go out—the boats were met at the quay by the fishermen's wives, into whose hands king and commons resigned all further care until the next fishing, for on land the women cared for fish, purse, and home. Unlike all other sovereigns,

ADDAGH KING,

in his authority, never ... any worldly advantage over ... he was always, as now, a ... humble as, an no richer ... ers; he never sought to exact ... taxes, but lived the same ... f brotherhood, guarding only ... common to all. This custom ... ing their own ruler prevails ... addagh people at the present ... e difference that, in place of ... lection, the distinction seems ... come vested in one family, ... e, curiously enough, is King. ... t head of the community, ... g, is a man a little over the ... ght, grave and quiet in manner, ... nest, earnest look, like that of a man who thinks a good deal and does not talk much; a something in his face, a good, kind look in his eyes, makes one wish to shake hands with him; and he has the natural ease and refinement of manner so often met with in our people. To his kindness I owe having seen and taken part in one of the most touching and beautiful religious ceremonies that I have ever witnessed. No pomp, no riches, no splendid ceremonials could move such deep and reverential religious feeling as did that in which I took part with the poor Galway fishermen—the annual Blessing of the Sea.

From time immemorial this beautiful custom has been observed in Catholic countries, and the Claddagh men, who are a deeply religious people, never begin their season's fishing until this blessing of God has been asked on their labor for the coming year; on themselves, that they may work with patience and diligence, and on the sea—the "Fisherman's Garden," as they call it—that it may yield them an abundant harvest for the support of their wives and little ones.

Very few, even of the Galway people, know of this custom, the Claddagh folk not wishing to make a show or parade of what is to them a very dear and sacred religious rite. And they are not wrong in this; it would not be well it should attract merely curious tourists and strangers, mostly persons of a different creed, taught, perhaps unthinkingly, to scoff and deride, or to look upon as "mere superstition" observances founded upon the truest and deepest

CHRISTIAN SENTIMENTS—

confidence in the Almighty Father's daily love and care for His creatures, and a desire to ask a blessing on all our labors. The very asking of that benediction is an act of faith in God's providence and an acknowledgment of the creature's entire dependence on the Father's care.

So little, then, is known of the ceremonial that it required great perseverance on my part to find out at what time the Blessing of the Sea would take place. Knowing a good deal of the superstitions of fishermen all the world over, it never occurred to me that I had any chance of being more than a spectator, perhaps of watching from the quay the beautiful sight of the fleet sailing out in regular procession, and then witnessing from afar as much as I could follow of the ceremony, which the previous year had been carried out with unusual grandeur, but on this occasion was to take place in the simple form which has been observed for countless years.

Having, after many trials, learned the evening and the hour, I repaired to the Claddagh, which was alive with the bustle of preparation. Every man and boy in the place was out of doors, all busy about their boats, those whose vessels lay nearest to the deep water already getting up their sails and manning their crafts. By and by, as I watched from a distance, I saw the king conducting to his own boat the clergyman, two young Brothers from the Dominican convent, and the priest's serving man. Then, to my intense surprise and delight—for, though longing or an invitation, I had not dared to ask for it—King (with whom I had already made friends and to whom I had taken a great fancy) came along the quay to where I stood, and invited me to sail out in his boat, that I might join in the service I had been so anxious to see. I was full of gratitude for such a favor. Here was I, the first stranger, perhaps, who had ever been permitted thus to share with these simple, pious people in their beautiful ceremonial; and yet, now that my desire was granted, I felt a little frightened. All the world knows how superstitious sea-faring people are; they have a few very uncomplimentary "pisharogues" with regard to my sex; what should I do in case no herrings were caught when the fishing began the following evening. I should perhaps be thought to have brought the ill-luck on the boats. It was a serious consideration, but still there was no resisting the longing to go, so I comforted myself with the recollection that I have not red hair, that the king had not met me, but had come after me, so I had not "crossed his path," and that in general I am counted rather a lucky body; so, with a diplomatic hint about this latter quality, I stepped joyfully into the boat, which at once put off from shore, to lead out the entire fleet on their first expedition for the season.

LEAVING THE HARBOR,

with a rapid sweep the St. Joseph rounded the end of the pier and actually flew through the waters. And then what a glorious race began! In swift succession, boat after boat, with exactly the same smooth, rapid curve, shot one by one round the point and out into the bay, until it seemed as if the sea were covered with the graceful vessels, no longer the dead, dull, inanimate things that had lain so ill-tiessly in rows in the harbor, but living, breathing creatures, racing and panting, and vieing with each other in their joy at being awakened and let loose on the foamy waves; full of buoyancy and life, they dashed and gambolled and flew on and on in the chase after the leader, which still kept gallantly on at full speed, ahead of all. One actually looked for prancing feet pawing the water where it surged and hissed under the prows, while the little crafts leaped and bounded over the waves. Watching them, I felt such an intense excitement and delight, such a sort of pride and joy in the strange, wild beauty of the scene, in the sense of space, and freedom and fresh, vivid, glorious life, as made me suddenly realize what it is that attracts and holds the fisherman to his calling.

I glanced round our little ark. She was going at a tremendous pace; in the stern seat, or rather half reclined, the admiral, the tiller held between his knees, both hands engaged with the ropes of the sail, but working with the ease with which a good horseman shows his power over the noble animal that knows his hand; a look on the man's face of quiet pleasure and pride in the fine spectacle that was exciting such wonder and admiration in those who saw it for the first time. Beside King sat the Dominican Father who was to pronounce the benediction, and with whom were two young novices. There were also in the boat three fine lads—"the princes of the blood royal," they were laughingly introduced to me as—and two other men. "Aye," said King, in reply to a remark, "they can manage their boats, every man, as easy as a rider would turn a race-horse. You might go the world round and not see a finer regatta than that."—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

CATHOLIC NEWS.

IMPORTANCE AUDIENCE

On Sunday evening, Jan. 11, the Very Rev. Prior Glynn had the honor of a special private audience with the Pope, who appeared in excellent health and received the prior in his own private study. His Holiness expressed himself very fully on the religious condition of Ireland and Australia, the church and college of St. Patrick, Rome, and the present sad condition of affairs in Ireland. Prior Glynn presented to his Holiness the sum of 6,600 francs, the annual offering to the Father of the faithful of the bishops, priests and people of Sandhurst, Australia. His Holiness made very special inquiries for Dr. Crane and learned with regret that he was still seriously troubled by the condition of his eyes. His Holiness was highly pleased to learn that Dr. Reville was enjoying good health, and he desired Prior Glynn to write to the bishop of Sandhurst to inform him that the Pope sent him, his coadjutor, Dr. Reville, and the priests and people of the diocese his apostolic benediction and at the same time to assure Dr. Crane that that the Pope will pray especially that God may grant his Lordship, even in this life, a good measure of consolation to compensate for the sufferings which he has so patiently endured.

THE POPE AND IRELAND.

When the Holy Father spoke of the present lamentable condition of Ireland he appeared very sad, but then, raising his eyes toward heaven, he said, "God will bring the faithful people safely out of all their troubles. I have the greatest hope for the future of Ireland," added his Holiness with special emphasis. Finally the Pope referred in tones of the greatest kindness and congratulation to the new buildings in honor of St. Patrick here, "I have heard," he said, "with the greatest satisfaction of the progress of the works of the college and church of St. Patrick. Go on with those works, and though the times are bad in Ireland and the children of the Irish race throughout the world have many burdens to bear, yet no son of St Patrick will refuse to contribute to honor his spiritual Father in Rome, where your great apostle received episcopal consecration and where our predecessor St. Celestine gave him the divine commission to preach the Gospel to the Irish people. Thank God we have lived to see Ireland and St. Patrick honored by the erection of a national church in this Eternal City."

THE OFFICE OF PREFECT OF THE VATICAN ARCHIVES.

A good deal of curiosity is felt in the Vatican circles as to who will be named successor to the late Cardinal Hergenroether. The learned German cardinal was prefect of the Vatican archives. The post is still vacant. Who will fill it? It is said that Pere Denifle, vice archivist, or Mgr. Carini, prefect of the Vatican library, will be appointed. But, as the Romans say, *Chi lo sa?* Pere Denifle, who is an Austrian Dominican of the highest merit, has composed some remarkably clever works, the last of which, "The Universities of the Middle Ages," was published at the expense of the French government. Mgr. Carini is a Sicilian paleologist whom his Holiness, Leo XIII, transferred from Palermo to Rome in order to establish an ecclesiastical school of paleography. He carries on the direction of the Vatican library with the greatest credit. His erudition and amiable character are highly appreciated by all who come to study the sovereign pontiff's priceless collection.

AN ABSURD ACCUSATION

The supposed project of the Vatican administrators of restoring Michael Angelo's fresco of the Last Judgment in the Sistine chapel has been the subject of much warm discussion and waste of words. Of course the occasion was not allowed to slip of crying down with noble indignation the vandalism of the sovereign pontiff. We admit that were such an act of desecration, as would be the delivering up of this chef-d'œuvre of modern art to the hands of a restorer, in question for a moment, it would be hard indeed not to express regret. But at the Vatican, more than anywhere else, respect for art is almost a religion. Such an idea has never existed, and the criticised intention is, therefore, pure invention.

ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

On Jan. 22 the religious offices of the basilica of St. Peter will be celebrated at the altar underneath St. Peter's chair. For centuries the words "St. Peter's Chair," have been used with the intention of conveying the supreme authority in the Catholic church. The "Holy See" has a similar meaning. But the words are only moral and symbolical. In its literal meaning St. Peter's chair is the bronze chair which, in the church of St. Peter at Rome, is sustained by the four colossal statues of the doctors of the church, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory, and which encloses an ancient wooden chair, in which St. Peter sat when on earth. This relic is nearly always invisible. Since Alexander VII placed it in its rich bronze covering, which was designed by Bernini, until the eighteenth century of the martyrdom of St. Peter, when Pope Pius IX ordered that it should be exposed for the veneration of the faithful, it had never been uncovered. It was then photographed, and its great antiquity proved beyond all doubt. On Jan. 18, the day when the church honors St. Peter's chair, the College Cultores Martyrum will celebrate the divine offices in the Ostrian Catacomb. Our readers may ask why in this catacomb, and not in St. Peter's, as is the custom? Because of one of the most important archæological discoveries by M. de Rossi. The origin of the Ostrian Catacomb goes as far back as

THE TOMB OF ST. PETER HIMSELF.

It is certain that a chair belonging to the first Pope and differing from the one in St. Peter's was venerated by the faithful in the Ostrian cemetery in the sixth century. A precious manuscript, written in the reign of St Gregory the Great, is preserved at Monza, wherein the enumeration of the different oils taken from the lamps which burned before the tombs of the martyrs, in a pilgrimage by Theodolinda, Queen of Lombardy, can be read. In speaking of the chair in the Ostrian catacomb, the pious pilgrim says: *Ubi prius sedit Sanctus Petrus*, "where St. Peter sat for the first time." The archæologist, M. de Rossi, has shown that this formula is not illusive, it being the simple repetition of the words which the authors, anterior to St. Gregory the Great, always used when speaking of St. Peter's Chair in the Ostrian cemetery. In the Hieronymian Martyrology mention is made of the solemnity with which the commemoration of this chair was kept on the 18th of January—the chair in which the apostle St. Peter first sat in Rome—*qua primum Roma sedit.*

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Bassett, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

At a meeting of the directors of the Mitchelstown & Fermoy railway a resolution was passed expressing regret at the failure of the contractor, Mr. Murphy, M.P., to complete the line. The line had been commenced two years ago, and Mr. Murphy had obtained frequent extensions of time. Mr. Murphy wrote in explanation of the delay that the inclement weather of November had prevented him from having the line completed.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SWIM FOR LIFE.

It is needless to dwell on Eugene's second reception on board the man of war—the Thunderer.

As the sergeant had stated, the prisoner was no sooner on board than the anchor was weighed, the sails unfurled, and the ship started on her way to Plymouth.

Once there Eugene was sent on board the hulks.

These were large, dismasted, worn out men-of-war in which the French prisoners were confined, and anchored some distance out in the harbor, or in the man of war roads. Gunboats at either end of the tier of vessels thus used as the hulks were placed with shotted guns at all hours, day and night, ready to put down with showers of grape any attempt at mutiny or sign of insubordination, much less of escape. To prevent any chance of individual escape, guard boats rowed sentinel like around the prison fleet with unvarying regularity throughout the twenty four hours.

When on board the hulks, however, he found that he was not to be placed with other prisoners, nor to be treated like them. Some subtle influence was working for or against him, he could not tell which.

Abandoned to the control of a crowd of petty officials, much of whose perquisites were obtained from the plunder and sale of the provisions intended for the prisoners, the unfortunate Frenchmen, cooped up in the hulks, were slowly starved to death. Instances were not infrequent when the hungry men had been left for two or three days together without any food at all. They had not, as in the case of famine in a beleaguered city, excitement to sustain nature; and so, bereft of air, of liberty, of food, they pined and drooped spiritless, until the vital spark rather wasted into nothing than fled.

It was not an infrequent thing for a prisoner waking at morning to find his comrades dead of exhaustion beside him, and the dead body was suffered to remain there, before means were taken for its removal, until it became unbearable, and added still further to the terrible atmosphere of the 'tween decks. What made matters still worse was that the prisoners had nothing to do; there was no work for their hands; and after roll call in the morning they were abandoned to themselves. Save the parties of guards that with loaded firearms stood at the ends of the decks, there was no further notice taken of them. With nothing to read and with nothing to do, time hung heavily on their hands at first; grew heavier as the imprisonment lengthened; until finally each hour seemed a day, and each day a year; and when to this was added the pangs of hunger, the sufferings of these imprisoned ones grew to be absolute hell.

The dull sloth and rusting idleness were so inimical to their active French nature—the fogs, that, rising from the harbor and settling around them in gloom and darkness, were in such contrast to the bright and joyous sun of France, that it was difficult to say which it was—the mind or the body—that suffered most. Repeatedly the reason of prisoners gave way—the delicate organization of the mind failed under this never ceasing torture—and day after day some unfortunate broke the bounds of prison discipline in his delirium. In these cases the result was summary. Any violation of discipline was visited with death. Any unusual case of insubordination was met by a levelled musket on the instant, which effectually quelled irrestraint for ever; in other cases by the court martial, which sat daily on board, the usual finding of which was death. The offender was placed on the upper deck stern, and a platoon of marines did the rest. There was no day the musketry was not heard, or on which the smoke of guns was not visible.

There was no classification of crimes; there was no such thing as inquiring into causes; oftener than otherwise the offender whose riddled body lay on the deck was unconscious of the crime he had committed. The mind in the mental blankness of his prison—in the eternal weariness of gloom and idleness—in the vain pining for home and freedom and sunlight and France—had gradually given way. That was all.

At other times a frantic desire to escape forced itself simultaneously on many of the prisoners. Although perfectly assured that escape was as hopeless as climbing to the moon, an unreasoning longing seized on a body of them at the same time. Acting under the pressure of irrestrainable wish and intense yearning for freedom, they formed designs for seizing the vessel or the guard, or some other equally futile project—the outcome of their diseased hopes. The first revealment of this intention was answered by a fusilade from the muskets of the guard, and the smoke cleared off only to exhibit a number of the conspirators strewing the deck with their bodies. If necessary a second fusilade followed the first, until the half insane rioters were quieted. The living were forced to sew up the fallen in canvas sacks, to carry them on deck, and hurl them over into a barge beside, whence they were carried to land to be thrown into a pit in the prisoners' graveyard, or, as sometimes happened, carried out to sea, tied together and sunk. That done, the survivors were compelled to swab the decks wet with the blood of their brothers until they were completely free from stain, and after that they might again linger and mope in maddening idleness between the decks, the light therein forming a dim compromise between daylight and dark.

It was into such companionship as this Eugene was thrown, and, although kept apart from the general body of prisoners, his weariness and dreadful sense of imprisonment were not lessened thereby. Indeed it was rather increased, for in the isolation of his position he had more time for reflection, and the misery of his fellow countrymen added not a little to the agony caused by suspense and want of knowledge of matters that concerned him both in Ireland and in France, until death itself would have been deemed a welcome release.

So weary weeks passed over, which finally rolled into months, until his position became unbearable. There seemed to be no limit to the duration of his imprisonment. The sun rose and set, marking the progress of each day—but that was all. No news came to him of the outer world—no news from France and Seamore. Even the new French prisoners that were introduced were kept so far apart from him that he had no means of ascertaining how the armies of France fared in the desperate struggle for superiority that was rending the continent.

At times fresh vessels were commissioned and dispatched from the harbor laden with troops; at others battered and dismasted vessels—line of-battle ships home and foreign—were towed into the bay, the victims of terrible sea fights after off. And Eugene's heart was pained to see more than once the towering men of war of his own nation—mere floating wrecks, with broken masts, battered hulls, and sails torn into ribbons—towed into port!

He felt that his heart and strength were going; and that his mind often trembled unsteadily in the balance; and that if left much longer in this floating hell he would only return, if ever the day for his liberation arrived, a wreck in mind and body.

He therefore determined, come what would, to escape.

The prison arrangements had been much relaxed lately as far as he was concerned, probably because he had shown himself during his imprisonment so quiet and unobtrusive.

A small boat lying out towards the mouth of the harbor had for many days past attracted his curious attention. It was occasionally used during the daytime by parties outside the harbor for some business or other—who, he noticed, always when they returned, moored it at the same place. At times, however, it remained there for days untouched. But it always attracted his attention the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. And of late it remained in his thoughts *all* night. It was to him as a little star beckoning him to the far off land of France. The small flag that fluttered from its tiny mast appeared to wave him a welcome to freedom. The pair of oars lazily swaying and balancing in the row-locks seemed to invite escape.

With this little skiff before his eyes day after day the yearning on him to escape grew stronger and stronger, until it was finally irrestrainable. He could stand it no longer, and determined to essay the effort.

Death could be the only alternative, and death was preferable to his present unendurable position.

He had always been a skilful swimmer, and, unless his imprisonment had taken the strength out of his arms, would readily be able to make his way to the boat.

Accordingly one evening when over a year had been spent in his floating prison, he waited on the deck until the dusk of a June night had settled on the waters. He had accustomed himself to do so of late, and there was no notice taken of him.

When it was quite dark he he slipped off his shoes and stood in his bare feet as was the habit of the watch. Farther, he contrived to doff his coat and supply its place with a jacket of the kind the seamen wore. Then he lay stretched as if in a slumber beside a coil of rope, as was often the manner of the guards on board also.

The sentry, musket on shoulder, marched leisurely along the deck, ready at the first movement to fire, and so bring a troop of soldiers to his side.

Eugene waited with breathless anxiety turn after turn of the vigilant guard, as he passed and repassed from one end to the other.

Often he essayed to make a rush to the ship's side where a rope hung swaying, but as often some imaginary noise stopped his attempt.

The sentry had passed him with measured step, and his form had almost disappeared in the gloom of the night at the other end, when lifting himself to his hands and feet Eugene made an attempt to move. But a pistol placed on the coil of rope, unperceived by him, was thrown down by his action, making a noise on the deck that seemed, in his ears, as loud as the report of a sixty-pounder!

He at once lay still on his face, expecting to hear the quick report of the guard's musket and the rush on deck of an armed force. But the noise, loud as it seemed in his anxious ears, was unheard or unattended to by the sentry, for no response came; the heavy measured tread in the distance still sounded in his ears, then returned with unchanged slowness, passed him and repassed.

Softly placing the cause of the alarm in his breast pocket he essayed the effort a second time—this time with more success. With cat-like movements he gained the bulwarks, crept noiselessly over them, caught hold of the rope, and swung himself down.

Once under the side of the ship, he allowed himself to depend in complete motionlessness and silence—the step of the sentinel over head, and the soft surge and plash of the waters against the vessel's side, alone falling on his ear.

For a moment his heart ceased to beat as the steady tread overhead faltered when just above him, and the sentinel strode to the bulwarks and looked over. Evidently something had attracted his attention, for he paused a moment and stood still.

Every second—and seconds to Eugene seemed hours in duration—he expected to hear the warning gun fired. For an instant he doubted whether or not it would not be better to at once drop into the sea and make a swim—unavailing or not—for life!

This dangerous resolution was as suddenly checked, for apparently satisfied that all was right, the guard again resumed his walk.

"Thank God!" was the fugitive's fervent prayer, as he heard the step repass overhead, and grow faint in the distance.

He slid quietly down the rope, until all but his shoulders was in the water; then placing his feet against the side of the vessel, gave himself, as he let go, a gentle move forward so as to bring himself out of reachof the suction of the ship; and with noiseless movements of his hands, drew himself into the darkness, where he lay as a log until the guard had again repassed.

Then, with bolder, more vigorous, but still noiseless, strokes he drew himself into the open water.

He was swimming, with fresh courage growing into his heart, albeit the unaccustomed cold water was chilling him, when suddenly an unexpected noise struck on his ear, making his senses grow dizzy. He let himself sink in the water until only his mouth was above it.

The noise grew swiftly louder on his hearing.

It was the guard boat rowing around the hulks.

Louder and louder the plash of the oars grew, louder the whispers of the rowers—for they were not permitted to speak openly—and then the form of a boat swept into view out of the gloom and darkness!

He could almost distinguish the faces of the men, so near they were; and the oars, as they uplifted, dashed the water into his face.

But the swept by without its occupants noticing him, and once more disappeared into the gloom.

Beyond him in the night, far beyond, shone a watchlight. Of this Eugene had taken careful notice, for the tiny skiff lay in a line with it. Guided by this directing beacon, he swam stoutly it its direction. But his arms were unaccustomed to exertion, long and enforced idleness had enervated his system, and swimming in one's clothes is at all times difficult and fatiguing. More than once his strength failed him and he thought he was drowning.

But he cheered himself with the thought that France and freedom and Helen Barrington were in the future, and stoutly braced himself for further effort.

His brave heart finally won the victory over his failing muscles, and a tide of fresh warmth and blood swept through his veins, as, out of the night and gloom and the dark water, rose the tiny skiff. Too tired to lift himself, he hung on with one hand on its side, suspended in the water, to rest himself and take breath after the sustained exertion of his long swim. Then placing the end of an oar under a seat and using the other as a lever, he with much difficulty, wet and chilled, raised himself into the skiff.

Seated at last in safety he took a long rest and looked around him.

The hulks lay moored afar off, only visible through the gloom by the lights that here and there flickered from the cabin windows. Further over on the shore, and up where the town ascended to the headlands, lights innumerable twinkled. To his left the friendly beacon that had guided him through the water shone with undiminished and encouraging brightness.

A prayer of thanksgiving swelled from his heart to his lips as the fresh air of the sea blew through the harbor entrance on his face. Heaven had guided him so far safely, and a bounding hope arose in his breast. The hand of God was more powerful than his enemies, and he felt certain that as he had been successful so far, so he should be in the future.

Much refreshed by his rest, Eugene rose to unfurl the sail. There was no sign of his escape having yet been detected, but how soon might there not be? Haste was urgent, and minutes now were of incalculable value. The breeze was beginning to rise, and with it rose his chances of success.

Once out of the harbor, a few hours under its freshening influence would place him far from the coast of England and nearing that of France.

Whilst yet engaged in unfurling the sail, the noise of muffled oars fell on his ears.

"Could it be any one in pursuit of him?

A sudden pang of dread shot through him. He suspended his work and listened.

The boat was undoubtedly approaching; still it might not be coming his way, so many boats passed—so many had occasion to pass—through the harbor at night.

In breathless suspense he ceased his work, and, to prevent his being seen, lay down quietly at the bottom of the skiff and waited, oh! with what breathless suspense.

The boat came towards him almost noiselessly—but not noiselessly to *his* ears, for each drop and lift of the muffled oar blades fell with clear distinctness on his hearing.

All doubt of their object and their mission was at an end when, with a shock that was to him as a volley from a platoon discharged at his breast, the prow of the advancing boat struck against the little skiff in which he lay!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Smuainte Broin.

LE CROIBHIN AOIBHIN, B'L'A'CLIATH.

I

Is dorcha anocht i an oicheche, ni fheicim aon reult amhain,
'Gus is dorcha trom ata smuainte mo chroidhsi 'ta sagaoilte-air fan.
Nil torann air bith in mo thimchioll, acht na h-eanlaith dul thorm os mo cheann,
Na filibinidhe ag bualadh na speire le builie fad-tharruingthe fann;
Agus tagann an fheadhog mar phileir ag gear-radh no h-oidhche le fead,
Agus cluiuim na gaethe-fiana is airde 's is gairbhe agread;
Acht aon torann eile ni chluinim, is e so a mheudas mo bhron,
Aon torann eile, acht sgrioch agus gliaodhach na n-eun air an moin.

II

Acht, a bh-fad uaim, ag bug dubh a t-sleibhe te laimh leis an bh-fairge mhoir,
Eist leis an taoide ag taffan, leis na tonntaibh ata air a toir,—
Ag teacht chum an tragh, 's ag slugadh na feamna 'san galuimh bhuis bhuidhe,
Acht cho fuar a's ta taoide na h-oidhche, is fuaire go mor e mo chroide;
Ni fheudaim, ni fheudaim a innsint, ni fheudaim a thuigsint an fath,
Faoi a bh-full me cho buaidhrighte bronach, cho leonta le bron agus cradh;
Is fuar, a's is fian i an ait so, an ait so 'na bh-full me mo luidhe,
Acht n h-e sin an t-adhbhar a d'fhag me cho brouach a's ta me am chroide,

III

O d'imthigh na daoine bhi dilis—na daoine d'a d-tug me mo ghradh,
O raibh siad dibirte sgaoilte o'n tir ann air togadh me, tra;
Ag iarraidh acht fasgadh a's didin o bhochtanas agus anro,—
Ins an tir ann a raibh siad cho suidhte, nil anois acht an chaora a's an bho;
Ta an bho 'gus an chaora ag inbhear, air luirg na n-daoineadh, mo leun!
In ait gaire na b-paisteadh 's na leanbh, ni chluinim acht gliaodhach na n-eun;
Do muchadh gach coinneall a's solus do bhidheadh a n-dorus gach tighe,—
Is e bas agus dibirt na n-daoineadh do mheudaigh an bron in mo chroidhe.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

[*Translation by O'Donovan Rossa.*]

Sorrowful Thoughts.

BY CRAOIBHIN AOBHIN, DUBLIN.

I

How dark is the night-time tonight! I behold not a single star;
And heavy and dark are my heartfelt thoughts as they wander afar.
Not a sound in creation around, but the birds passing over my head:
Those lapwings that ruffled the air with their long-drawn strokes as they fled.
The plover that comes like a bullet, cutting the sky with its speech;
And I hear the wild geese, higher up, with their wilder and stronger screech.
There is no other noise within hearing; oh, that is what adds to my woe—
No other noise but the cry and the call of the birds in the meadow below.

II

But, afar at the foot of the mountain that borders the ocean wide,
List to the great sea rolling—to the waves as they chase on the tide—
Rushing on to the beach which swallows the weeds on its sandy bed;
Oh, cold as the tide tonight is, I feel colder in heart and head;
I cannot, I cannot explain it; I know not the reason why:
I'm so troubled and sorrow-laden, I can only sigh and cry.
How cold and how wild this place is—this place where I'm lying apart—
But that's not the reason that makes me so heavy and sad at heart.

III

Since the men who were true are departed—they who my affection had won—
Cst out from the land I was raised in: alas! that they're banished and gone—
Asking for only protection and shelter from poverty. Now,
In the land in which they had been dwelling there are only the sheep and the cow.
The cow and the sheep in the pasture—in the pathlands of people; my woe!
And in place of the laugh of the children, the cries of the raven and crow,
And in place of the light is extinguished, that lighted each door and each hearth:
'Tis the death and exile of the people increase my heart's sorrow on earth.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

O'BRIEN—Jan. 10, at Limerick, William O'Brien, aged 72 years, brother of the late Rev. Richard O'Brien, P. P., Knocklong, and the late Rev. Michael O Brien, P.P., Caherconlish.

ENNIS—Jan. 11, at Orwell Gate Lodge, Rathgar, Mary, wife of Edward Ennis.

EUSTACE—Jan. 11, at No. 2 Grattan place, Dublin. Mary, mother of James Eustace, aged 68 years, late of Killeake, county Dublin.

O'HANLON—Jan. 9, at Omeath, county Louth, Redmond O'Hanlon, Esq., at an advanced age.

O'REILLY—At Dormstown, Navan, Mrs. Ellen O'Reilly.

REARDON—At No. 29 St. Kevin's road, Dublin, Daniel Michael Reardon, son of Daniel and Catherine Reardon, aged 16 years.

DILLON—Jan. 15, at his residence, Patrick street, Kilkenny, P. J. Dillon.

DUNNE—Jan. 15, at Kildare, Mrs. Margaret Dunne, Old Post Office, aged 85 years.

DOYLE—Jan. 15, at No. 15 Lower Mercer street, Dublin, Thomas Doyle, formerly of Shankill, county Dublin, and late of the D. M. P.

FENELON—Jan. 15, at Lower Seskin, Leighlin Bridge, county Carlow, Martin Fenelon, aged 84 years.

HAMMOND—Jan. 15, at No. 27 Morehampton road, Dublin, Arthur Hammond, eldest son of the late Thomas Hammond, J.P., Sheep House, county Meath.

HATTON—Jan. 10, at Tankardstown, county Meath, Laurence Hatton.

MATHEWS—Jan. 14, at No. 113 West street, Drogheda, Mary Mathews.

MARTYN—Jan. 7, at Bay View, Oranmore, Mrs. Catherine Martyn, at an advanced age, late of Tuam.

DUFFY—Jan. 12, Very Rev. Farrell Canon Duffy, P.P., Dromore, Arva, county Cavan, aged 90 years.

HARNETT—Jan. 11, at Knockbrack, Abbeyfeale, county Limerick, William Daniel Harnett.

BIANCONI—Jan. 16, at Longfield, Cashel, Eliza, widow of the late Charles Bianconi.

BRUTON—Jan. 15, at Dysart, Mullingar, John Bruton, aged 80 years.

DUGGAN—Jan. 15, at Gurteen, Newbirmingham, county Tipperary, John Duggan, aged 74 years.

FITZGERALD—Jan. 14, at Leinster road, Rathmines, Dublin, Mrs. Emily Matilda Fitzgerald, of Tullamore House, Tullamore, King's county, widow of the late Thomas George Fitzgerald, Esq.

FITZPATRICK—Jan. 16, at No. 134 Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Thomas Fitzpatrick.

KILMARTIN—At No. 16 Henrietta street, Dublin, Mrs. Margaret Theresa Kilmartin.

KIRWAN—Jan. 16, at Chord road, Drogheda, Capt. Patrick Kirwan.

MACNEILL—Jan. 16 at No. 14 Blackhall street, Dublin, Rev. John Gordon Swift MacNeill, M.A., aged 77 years.

REID—Jan. 16, John Reid, aged 28 years.

TURNBULL—Jan. 16 Patrick Turnbull, aged 43 years, late of Ballina, Co. Mayo.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from more personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often also by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds or daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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SUMMONED BY DEATH.

Sudden Demise of the Secretary of the Treasury.

SAD END OF A JOYOUS OCCASION.

Secretary Windom, After Making a Speech at the Annual Banquet of the New York Board of Trade at Delmonico's, Sinks to the Floor and in a Few Moments Is a Corpse.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—William Windom, of Minnesota, secretary of the treasury of the United States, died at 10:11 Thursday night in a small room adjoining the banquet hall at Delmonico's, where but a few minutes before he had finished delivering the speech of the evening at the annual banquet of the New York board of trade and transportation. The scene was the most dramatic and sensational ever witnessed at an occasion of festivity in this city. Secretary Windom, after finishing his speech, standing in front of the table of the guests of honor in the glittering banquet hall, sunk slowly into his chair, the seat of honor, being the first to the right of the president of the board of trade and transportation. Few noticed that he was affected in any unusual way. Applause in hearty rounds for his speech was still at its hight. The secretary had spoken with particular energy and clearness. His form was erect and his face aglow with what seemed the flush of health at its best in ripe manhood. Every modulation of his voice and every gesture indicated the speaker, who had himself and his subject under perfect control. After the secretary had gained his seat he sat for three minutes as if half dazed, and then his head sunk slowly forward.

A Scene Quickly Changed.

Dr. S. A. Robinson of West Brighton, who sat facing the secretary at one of the longitudinal tables, was the first to notice the change in his condition. Secretary Windom's head had meanwhile sunk almost to his breast. His eyes were opening and closing spasmodically. Dr. Robinson stepped quickly over to the secretary, but before he reached Mr. Windom's side the secretary swayed in his chair and then slid down from it half-way to the floor. Mr. Windom had lighted a cigar, just before sitting down, and the cigar dropped from his hand. Others in the room now noticed the condition of the secretary. There was an involuntary movement of those sitting nearest to start forward, and Judge W. H. Arnoux, who had begun to speak after Secretary Windom, stopped suddenly. He and ex-Secretary of State Bayard, who sat next to Secretary Windom, sprang to his side. Every one of the 250 and odd gentlemen at the tables was now aware that something unusual had happened. How quickly the scene changed from one of revelry to one of mourning! The chamber of joy was turned to a chamber of death. The silence of death took the place of burning words, and confusion succeeded the order that had prevailed, together with the flow of spirits.

Mr. Windom's Last Conscious Act.

One moan came from Secretary Windom's lips as his startled friends strove to relieve him. He stretched his hand, seized a tumbler filled with water, and hastily swallowed a mouthful. It was probably his last conscious act. He gasped for breath. The glass fell from his nerveless grasp. So intense was the silence that reigned in the chamber that the noise of the breaking glass seemed almost as loud as a death-knell or a church bell. Then followed another fearful gasp; his head dropped forward further. Secretary of the Navy Tracy, who had sat near by, had by this time joined the others who were at the stricken man's side. They lifted him to his feet deathly pale. He was carried into the serving room behind the banquet hall, and everything was done to resuscitate him. It was fruitless. At eleven minutes past 10 he was pronounced dead by Dr. Robinson, and Dr. Durant, who had come to the former's assistance. The tears coursed down the cheeks of Secretary Bayard. Mr. J. S. Colgate, the banker, Secretary Windom's lifelong friend, wept like a child. Mr. C. M. Hendley, Mr. Windom's private secretary, was completely unnerved.

The Remains Taken to Washington.

The body of Secretary Windom was removed from the Fifth Avenue hotel, where it was taken Thursday night, at 10:30 o'clock Friday morning and taken to the Jersey Central railroad depot, Jersey City, where it was placed on board the 11:30 o'clock Baltimore & Ohio train for Washington. Committees from the different [illegible] accompanied the body to Washington. The train arrived at the capital at 4:30 p. m. and the remains of the late secretary were taken at once to the Windom residence

ANOTHER MINE DISASTER.

The Chapin Mine in Michigan Takes Fire and Two Lives Are Lost.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Mich., Jan. 30.—The Chapin mine caught fire on the sixth level Thursday night and caused great consternation. At first it was reported that eight men were entombed and were beyond help; but it was ascertained Friday that there were but six men underground at the time the fire broke out and that four were saved. Jeremiah Bennett and Thomas Edwards were found by the rescuing parties, but died shortly after being brought to the surface. The tops of all the shafts are now covered, so as to render them air-tight with a view to smothering the flames. It is thought that the fire started in a small engine-room which is quarried out of rock at the mouth of the sixth level. The extent of the fire is not known. The mines will probably be suspended for several days and may be for many weeks.

Montana Solons Flock Together.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 30.—Perhaps the most remarkable scene in the history of the state legislature was presented Thursday. It was that of the representatives of two parties, who met as two houses for ninety days last winter and for over three weeks this year, getting together as one house in the hall where the republicans had been holding sessions. It was a genuine love feast. The compromise giving the republicans 28 and the democrats 27 members had been agreed to, and business will now begin.

Typhoid Fever Epidemic.

ST. ALBANS, W. Va., Jan. 30.—There is a typhoid fever epidemic about Coalport, Boone county, which is so widespread that business has been suspended. Many houses are deserted, and it is reported that several of the dead are unburied.

INVESTIGATING A DISASTER.

A Legislative Committee Goes Into the Mammoth Mine.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Feb. 2.—The legislative committee, whose duty it is to investigate the cause of the explosion at Mammoth mine on Tuesday last, arrived at Mammoth in a special car Saturday, and at once set about their work. The committee was fitted out with rubber coats, caps and boots, and, guided by Superintendent Keighley and Inspector Jenks, descended the shaft and began a tour of the works. Entries, headings, manway and rooms were subjected to the closest scrutiny.

Theory of the Explosion.

The theory as to how the explosion occurred advanced by the committee was that a part of the roof falling caused the air and gas to be set in motion, the latter, being forced toward an open light, exploded. This the inpectors and miners are inclined to believe was the cause of the disaster. That the mine was properly inspected by Fire Boss Smith in now a matter of doubt. No date of inspection was found chalked on the headings as is required. It is believed that there are at least four men still under the debris.

PEFFER FOR PRESIDENT.

Alliance Men Already Looking About for a Candidate.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 2.—The Kansas Alliance leaders are beginning to talk of Senator-elect Peffer as the Alliance candidate for the presidency in 1892. Speaker Pro Tem. Matchett remarked that such a thing would not be at all out of the question. Said he: "Kansas is going to be the leader in the Alliance movement. The election of a United States senator and five congressmen before the party is a year old is a greater victory than was ever attained by a new party in any state. It puts Kansas in the front in this great movement and this state may be called upon to furnish the presidential candidate. If Kansas names the leader in 1892, it is not at all improbable that it would be the new United States senator."

BEHRING SEA CONTROVERSY.

The British Gain a Point in the United States Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 2.—In the supreme court of the United States Monday Chief Justice Fuller announced that the court had decided to grant the British government leave to file an application for a writ of prohibition in the Behring sea matter. A rule directing the district court of Alaska to show cause why the writ should not be issued was made returnable on the second Monday in April. The chief justice said, in delivering the decision, that the supreme court undoubtedly had jurisdiction in the matter.

Charged with Smuggling.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Feb. 2.—The steamer Manuel Dublan plying between San Diego and Ensenda, Lower California, has arrived here, bringing word that Capt. H. W. Nelson was arrested by Mexican officials Saturday on charges of smuggling $3,500 in gold bullion which was found on his person. The steamer, which carries United States mail and is entered as being in the American trade, was detained five and a half hours before the American and English residents succeed in securing Capt. Nelson's release. The Mexican officials claim Nelson has been engaged in smuggling for two years. This he denies, the gold belonging to parties at Alamo and to an Ensenada banker, but claim is made that gold carried on the person is not subject to duty.

The War in Chili.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—Information has reached Buenos Ayres of another naval engagement off Ancud. The battle was fought between a government war vessel and a revolutionary man-of-war, the latter being defeated. It is thought that the ships engaged were the two vessels heretofore spoken of—the insurgent ship which landed the revolutionary marines at Ancud, and the government vessel which failed in an attempt to land troops at that port under cover of the British flag which she displayed as a disguise. Communication with Santiago de Chili and other towns which had been re established, is again interrupted.

Opera House Destroyed.

GALLIPOLIS, Ohio, Feb. 2.—The Bets opera house building was destroyed by fire early Sunday morning. The structure was valued at $30,000, with only $4,000 insurance. The first floor was divided into two store rooms, one occupied by Martin McHale, with a grocery stock of $4,000, insured for $2,500; the other by George Alexander, with a stock of groceries valued at $4,000, on which there was an insurance of $2,400. The Gibney. Gordon & Gibney Comedy company gave their last performance in the house Saturday night, leaving their baggage and valuables in trunks, which were all lost, valued at $4,500.

Green Goods Men Captured.

ERIE, Pa., Feb. 2.—Charles and Eugene Duryea, two green goods swindlers, were arrested by Constable Shreve, near Union City Saturday night, in a very clever manner. They had made an appointment with Miles Walrod, a butcher, to meet him in the woods near that place, and for $500 deliver to him $5,000 in spurious currency. Walrod concealed Constable Shreve in a large meat box on his wagon, where the officer overheard all the conversation, and at the proper time, with the aid of Walrod, captured the swindlers.

Perished in the Flames.

SONORA, Cal., Feb. 2.—The outbuildings and the suspension bridge across the Quolumne river, known as Ward's Ferry bridge, twelve miles southeast of here, were destroyed by fire. Among the ashes of the building were found the charred remains of Charles S. Peas, the bridge-tender.

A Peculiar Accident.

BOSCOBEL, Wis., Feb. 3.—Two farmers, who had been to town with a load of hay, were riding home with their hay-forks on the rack. The rack was overturned and one of the forks entered the eye and brain of William Enos, one of the men. He will die.

Engineer and Firemen Killed.

HELENA, Mont., Feb. 2.—A mixed train on the Utah Northern from Butte and the regular passenger train, north-bound, collided a half mile from here. Engineer Frost and Fireman Russell were killed and several passengers injured.

Revolution in Portugal.

LISBON, Feb. . —The Portuguese revolution has been suppressed and quiet restored. Twenty persons were killed in Saturday's fight at Oporto.

THE HUMAN HEART.

The Conception a Connecticut Healer Has of the Organ.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 3.—Mrs. Ursula L. Webster has been practicing the magnetic system of medicine on the residents of Hartford, and she has had some of the wealthiest and most prominent people in the city among her patients. So shrewd has she been with her dupes that in a case against her, tried in the superior court last week, she was able to get many people of high standing in the community to testify in her behalf. Perhaps such an array of testimony in her favor would have won the case had she not taken the witness stand herself. It was then that her ignorance and humbuggery became so evident that the jury promptly gave a verdict for the other side.

A Harp of Five Strings.

"Can you tell us something about the human heart?" asked the cross-examiner.

"The heart is a harp of five strings. You may break the first, second and third strings and still live. Break the fourth, and you are gone. It has several valves, which let in and out the air as it passes through the heart." Describing one patient's case she said she had put her ear over his heart and found that the valves were rusty.

SENSATIONAL SUICIDE.

A Wealthy Farmer Quarrels with His Sweetheart and Kills Himself.

NEW BURNSIDE, Ills., Feb. 3.—Thomas B. Woodside, 52 years old, one of the wealthiest farmers in this section of the state, committed suicide under most sensational circumstances at 5 o'clock Monday morning at his home, six miles from town. He was a widower with five children, two of his daughters being grown. His father and mother lived with him. The inquest developed the fact that he was engaged to marry Miss Stella Fisher, daughter of the state's attorney.

Blew His Brains Out.

Saturday evening he went to her home with a buggy and drove her to his home, where she remained with his daughter. Sunday night he had some trouble with Stella. In the morning the quarrel was renewed, when he pulled a revolver and blew his brains out while she was looking at him. The affair causes an immense sensation, owing to the wealth and social standing of all concerned.

THE MAMMOTH MINE DISASTER.

The Investigating Committee Gets Hold of Important Testimony.

YOUNGWOOD, Pa., Feb. 2.—Unexpected testimony concerning the condition of the Mammoth mine was brought in Monday by the special committee of the legislature appointed to investigate last week's great disaster. A number of witnesses testified that the mine was not properly inspected; that the work of inspection required not less than four hours' time, but that Fire Boss Smith did it in an hour and a half; that the force of inspectors was reduced by the superintendent of the mine, Fred Keighley, in order to save money, and that Fire Boss Smith, who was sworn to inspect the mine for gas every day, was a drinking man and often neglected his work. It was also developed that there had been two previous explosions in the mine—one four years ago and another two years ago—and that in the last Smith and two other men were burned. It has been contended that the mine was free from gas.

A Child Fatally Burned.

HASTINGS, Neb., Feb. 3.—A tragic affair occurred Monday morning at the residence of Dan Berry, resulting in fatal injuries to his 5-year old daughter. Mr. Berry had been called to the sick bed of her mother, leaving her two children at home alone, and a lady book agent passing the house heard cries of distress, broke the door in and found the little girl completely enveloped in flames, with hands extended, pleading piteously for help. The lady extinguished the flames with a table cloth and gave the alarm. The child's face was burned to an unrecognizable mass, and life lingered but twenty minutes.

"Investment Fund" Companies.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Feb. 3.—The "investment fund" companies and like concerns which have lately done a very flourishing business in New England by promising a very large return for a small monthly payment, have recently extended their field of operation to this state; but their work is cut short by an official circular, issued by Luther O. Green, state inspector of finance, in which the companies and their methods are denounced, and the companies are forbidden to do business in Vermont, any one acting as agent for them being liable to a fine of $1,000.

Reporters Fined for Contempt.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Reporters of The Herald and Record were day fined Mon$50 each for contempt of court in writing stories of the trial of Silas S. Drew, who is charged with embezzlement, containing comments that tended to prejudice the minds of the jury. Both urged that no malice was intended, and counsel for defense, as well as the district attorney asked the court to let them off, but Judge Sherman said that he should impose a substantial fine in order to impress the lesson more strongly upon their minds.

Choked to Death While Eating.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Feb. 3.—John Cooney, Sr., 67 years old, dined with his nephew, Justice Cooney, Sunday. While seated at the table the old man suddenly blackened in the face and went through terrible contortions of the body. He was carried into the fresh air and died almost instantly. A physician pronounced the cause of his death to be heart disease, but Coroner Hoffman found he had choked to death with a piece of meat which was lodged in his windpipe.

The Engineer Killed.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 3.—Engineer Robert Brown was killed and Fireman John Feeney badly bruised by the collision of the Northwestern limited train on the New York Central at 7 a. m. Tuesday morning, near East Rochester. None of the passengers was hurt, and all continued east on another train. The train collided with a wild engine. The two engines and several cars were badly damaged.

The Railways Will Fight the Scheme.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 3.—The ship canal commission held its final meeting in this city Monday. The cost of the artificial waterway which is to connect Pittsburg with Lake Erie is estimated at $35,000,000. Eben Brewer, of Erie, was delegated to take the report to the state legislature. The railroads are expected to meet the project with aggressive hostility.

EYRAUD GUILLOTINED.

Legal Execution of the Famous French Strangler.

HE REFUSES ALL RELIGIOUS RITES

On Going Up the Steps of the Scaffold He Had To Be Assisted, but He Died Bravely—Brief Story of His Terrible Crime—The Irish Factions Said to Have Arrived at a Settlement—Other Foreign News.

PARIS, Feb. 3.—Michael Eyraud, the murderer of M. Gouffe, was guillotined Tuesday morning at daybreak in the Place de La Rouquette. He looked ghastly, could hardly walk, and had to be assisted up the steps of the scaffold. But he died bravely. He declined cognac, which was offered him to strengthen his nerves. He refused all religious rites and did not return the kiss of peace given him by the attendant priest. He allowed himself to be bound to the plank without resistance.

Story of the Murder.

The murder was committed in a room at 3 Rue Tronson Ducondray, occupied by a young woman named Gabrielle Bompard, who was Eyraud's accomplice in the crime. Gouffe was lured into the woman's apartment and strangled to death. At the trial Eyraud claimed that the woman committed the crime while under his hypnotic influence, but subsequently confessed that he not only killed Gouffe, but lured him to the place of death. The woman, however, assisted in burying the body. After the murder Eyraud escaped to America, but was eventually captured at Havana.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Reached a Settlement.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—The London Times says that it is reported on good authority that a settlement has been arrived at between the Irish factions. Parnell and O'Brien will go to America; McCarthy will remain chairman for the present, and Dillon will surrender himself to imprisonment, the understanding being that he will be nominated as leader at the next session. O'Brien has written a long letter to The Times regarding Balfour's speech as to the origin and working of the plan of campaign. Lobby rumors confirm the settlement as reported in The Times.

The Emin Expedition.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—The Berlin correspondent of The Times says: The white book issued on the Emin expedition shows that in some cases Emin's apparent disregard of orders was due to the miscarriage of letters and dispatches sent him. Maj. Wissman appears to have been hasty in his judgment of Emin.

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—The National Zeitung says that the government is favorably impressed by Emin's report.

Jail Delivery Nipped in the Bud.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Feb. 3.—An attempt to break jail here was frustrated by Jailer Action. In one of his rounds he discovered that the center bar on the door of the cell occupied by William Fleming and William King, had been sawed through. He called for assistance and the two prisoners were seized and taken to another cell. In their former quarters several small saws and a sand-bag were found. The plan of the prisoners was to meet the jailer in the morning before the cells were unlocked, sand-bag him and secure his keys and escape. Both the prisoners are vicious criminals.

Have No Money to Spare.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 3.—At a meeting of the joint committee of the house and senate a resolution was adopted refusing to recommend any appropriation for the Columbian exposition. Senator Russ, the Union Labor member of the committee, stated that, owing to the large deficiency in the state treasury caused by the peculations of the state treasurer and his friends, it was inexpedient to make any expenditures that could be avoided at this time. A resolution to appropriate $50,000 for the Arkansas Industrial exposition was also defeated.

Blood Poisoning from Cut Flowers.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—The handling of cut flowers from the hot house has within a fortnight developed among the assistants of several of the prominent florists cases of blood poisoning not unlike that with which the men who handle hides down in the swamp district are afflicted occasionally. Assistants who got their fingers pricked with the thorns of cut roses and other rough-stemmed flowers found that inflammation set in rapidly, with all the symptoms of mild blood poisoning.

Leprosy in Wisconsin.

DURAND, Wis., Feb. 3.—The case of leprosy reported from this county is one that the local board of health has been discussing for several years. The patient is an Englishwoman. She lives in Canton. The woman has a small girl as attendant. She does not permit strangers to come near her. Her lower jaw is partly eaten away, and she wears a cloth or veil over her face. The woman has several adult children.

Brice's Ohio Citizenship Attacked.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 3.—Representative Holliday, Republican, Monday introduced a resolution to request Senator Sherman to resist Senator-Elect Brice's admission to the United States senate on the ground that he is not a resident of Ohio. One fact stated in the resolution is that Brice is a member of the Ohio society in New York city, members of which must have acquired citizenship in that state.

Burned His Own Little Girl.

WICHITA, Kan., Feb. 3.—In a prairie fire started by her own father the little child of J. D. Starkweather, of Esmond, Ok., met death Monday. James Funk made a heroic effort to save the child, but her clothes were ablaze when he reached her, and she died in a few minutes. Funk's clothes caught fire, and he is in a precarious condition.

Not Giving for Popular Applause.

AMHERST, Mass., Feb. 3.—President Gates, of Amherst college, announces that a friend of the college who wished his name withheld, had just given $100,000 to the general fund of the college, the only condition attached being that $150,000 additional should be raised.

No Result at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 3.—After taking the fifty-sixth ballot for senator the joint session of the legislature adjourned Tuesday until 12 o'clock Wednesday.

1891.	FEBRUARY.					1891.
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Several car-loads of food and clothing have been sent to the destitute and suffering people of Kansas and Nebraska from Carthage, Ills., and vicinity.

Mrs. Lydia A. Ganderson, 34 years old and mother of fourteen children, for the third time has been adjudged insane at Carthage, Ills.

At New York a carriage in which Senator Stanford was riding came in collision with a street car. The senator was thrown out, and received a cut on the left temple, and bruises on his arm and shoulder.

Two men were burned to death in a lodging house at San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. Freeland, of Galena, Ills., drove off a pair of burglars with a pair of shears.

The Michigan Masonic home at Grand Rapids was dedicated by the Grand Lodge of the state in the presence of 25,000 people.

An Australian voting bill has passed the Oregon house.

It is denied that a compromise of any kind has been effected between the Parnell and McCarthy faction of the Irish Nationalist party as the result of the repeated conferences at Boulogne.

Dr. Sullivan Whitney, the first man to manufacture homeopathic medicines in America, died at Newton, Mass., aged 83 years

It is reported that leading barbed wire men are about to purchase the Washburn & Moen patents, form a pool, and put up prices.

The New York Evening Post says that "there is a prospect of lower rates of interest in 1891 than for several years past."

The Citizens' National bank, of Lyons, Iowa, has been incorporated with a capital stock of $100,000.

The results of the canvass conducted by two farmers' papers shows that Cleveland is the choice of Democratic farmers by a vote of 71,787 to 17,118 for Hill. Republicans are for Blaine by 39,309 to 31,013 for Harrison.

The William Cramp & Sons company—Philadelphia ship builders—have earned nearly $300,000 in premiums in their work for the government on the cruisers Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark, and Yorktown.

The Cunard Steamship company will build two new fast boats within two years to cost $4,000,000. Higher speed engines will be put in the Umbria and Etruria.

At the brick layers' and masons' international convention Tuesday, at Toronto, John Heartz, of Denver, Colo., was re-elected president.

Mrs. Robert Miller was burned to death at Lima, Ohio, by her dress catching fire from a grate.

The mother of Guy Butler, correspondent in the Indian "round up" for a Duluth paper, received at Mt. Kisco, N. Y., a dispatch from him disproving his reported death.

Tammany is about to erect a monument on the battlefield to such of its members as fell at Gettysburg.

Three Brooklyn school girls have now been robbed of their tresses by the sneak hair cutter. The last victim, a girl 17 years old, lost about eighteen inches of braids that were two feet long.

Judge Stipp, of Joliet, who was reported mentally unbalanced a few weeks ago over the Ford murder case at Ottawa, in which case he presided, is reported recovered sufficiently to resume his duties on the bench.

A bill to prevent the shooting of pigeons in exhibitions of marksmanship, and other like sports, has been introduced in the Illinois senate.

The Nickel Plate road has declared its first dividend—3½ per cent. on first preferred stock.

Ora Rodgers and Murray Ray, two young men of Valaparaiso, Ind., were seriously injured by a gas explosion. They threw coal oil in a church furnace which ignited a quantity of generated gas.

At Downieville, Cal., John Trebino has died of trichiniasis, another of the family is dangerously sick and two others are recovering from the same disease. They all ate half-cooked pork Dec. 29.

Reports received by The Live Stock Indicator, of Kansas City, Mo., from the cattle feeding districts of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado indicate that [illegible] are being fed as con[illegible]ared with last year.

Strawberries sell for $7.50 a quart in the Boston market.

Henry Knight, of Darlington, Wis., has been awarded $5,000 damages against the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad company for the loss of both feet.

Rider Haggard has in press a Zulu romance, and contemplates a Peruvian trip and a novel on the Incas.

An Atchison man is soon to marry the woman who stood sponsor for him when he was baptized as a baby.

An octogenarian who lives six miles west of Moberly, Mo., was baptized the other day by his grandson.

Coal is 50 cents a ton at Pittsburg, Kan.

Tramps entered the house of Mrs. Norton, a blind woman who lives at East Brady, Pa., and stole $1,000 which she had sewed up in her clothes.

Joshua Rhodes, living near Glenwood, Iowa, left his home a few nights ago and his friends have not been able to find him. He left a note indicating that he contemplated suicide.

Thomas Meirs, of Bath, Ohio, died on Wednesday aged 100 years and 5 months. His wife aged 86, died on Tuesday.

J. B. Blaige has been indicted at Fort Dodge, Iowa, for obtaining money under false pretenses. Blaige has victimized the farmers of that vicinity to the extent of thousands of dollars by inducing them to pay him for securing worthless government patents for their lands.

An explosion in the celluloid works at Arlington, N. J., wrecked the building, and, fire breaking out, the whole plant was burned.

Postmaster Rapp, at St. Hilaire, Minn., says the Red Lake Indians are suffering for lack of sufficient food.

Fred Hillery, who was beating his way from Jerome, Iowa, to Kansas City in a box car of the Rock Island railway, was fiercely attacked by two brakemen, who, it is alleged, threw him from the train while it was running at a low rate of speed.

Ex-President Moore, of the broken People's bank of Fayetteville, N. C., has been arrested. He is said to have borrowed $100,000 of the bank's capital of $15,000.

In a collision on the Utah Northern, near Honeyville, Utah, ten Italian laborers were injured.

Little Jack Skoveline, a Polish lad scarcely 5 years old, of Menasha, Wis., is an inveterate tobacco fiend. He can smoke or chew from morning till night without any visible effect upon his system. A brother but two years his senior is likewise addicted to the weed.

The Illinois state board of agriculture has recommended an appropriation by the legislature of $1,000,000 for a state exhibit at the World's fair in 1893.

At Bellaire, Ohio, the principal of a ward school chastised a 14-year old girl pupil for chewing gum. She went home crying, but later returned, accompanied by her mother, when both attacked the teacher, gouging his eyes so that it is thought he will lose his sight.

The Chicago and Alton railroad has made a reduction in passenger rates from St. Louis to Jacksonville, Ills., to 2 cents a mile.

Wheat touched the dollar point at St. Louis Thursday, causing much excitement among the bear element and heavy losses. No failures are reported.

George Wathart, a farmer, walked into the river at Manitowoc, Wis., and was drowned.

R. E. W. Sprague, dealer in clothing and gents' furnishing goods at Chaldron, Neb., has failed. Liabilities, $21,000; assets, $22,000.

The body of Johnny Miles, a sailor and well-known character on the lakes for twenty years past, was found floating in the harbor at Michigan City, Ind.

At Denison, Tex., eight persons were poisoned by eating bread made with cotton seed oil.

The Missouri senate has passed a resolution pledging itself not to appropriate any money for the World's fair should the force bill become a law.

A case of leprosy was reported to the Wisconsin board of health from Buffalo county. The patient is a Norwegian woman.

Mrs. L. McDowell, daughter of the late Robert Middleton, of Nauvo, Ills., was shot while sitting at a window, at Cottonwood, Cal.

A brilliant ball, given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garrett at their Baltimore residence, showed Mr. Garrett again in perfect health.

L. T. Yowell was fatally stabbed at Harwood, Mo., by Nick Warren. The difficulty arose over a debt of 60 cents which Warren owed a son of Yowell.

The Iowa supreme court has decided that under the prohibitory law an injunction against a building in which liquors are sold is perpetual.

Members of the assigned banking company of Delamater & Co., and Victor M. Delamater, cashier, were again arrested at Meadville, Pa. The charge is embezzlement.

Col. C. G. Conn, proprietor of the horn factory at Elkhart, Ind., has appointed six of his employes a board of managers of his establishment and proposes to divide next year's profits with his hands.

James Dwyer, yardmaster of the Frisco road at Fort Smith, Ark., was caught under the wheels of a car and so badly injured that both legs had to be amputated.

Burglars entered the postoffice at Roseburg, Ore., opened the safe, and took therefrom $1,200. They overlooked a package containing about $5,000 in notes.

Lewis Ellerbrook, a young German, aged about 22 years, was found dead in the woods near Metropolis, Ills. His death was the result of a gun-shot wound, but whether intentional or accidental is not known.

Representatives of linseed oil factories, with a combined capital of $25,000,000, held a meeting at New York Thursday, and agreed to advance prices all along the line. The members, however, declare that no trust was formed.

A. J. Terwiller attempted suicide at Winona, Minn., turning on all the gas-jets in his room. He was discovered in a state of asphyxiation in time to prevent death. Unrequited love was the cause.

The wife and daughter of Mr. Stallo, lately United States minister to Italy, are suffering at Rome from typhoid fever. They have been in a critical condition but are recovering.

The Canadian parliament, it is believed, will be dissolved at once.

Charles Martin stabbed William Henderson in a drunken row at Hudson, Wis.

Champaign, Ills., wells have nearly all dried up.

Eight gamblers were indicted at Peru, Ind.

Frank Thorpe, of Wapella, Ills., was married six weeks ago. A few days ago he became insane and has been taken to Kankakee.

Henry Stark, commissioner of Wisconsin bureau of labor statistics, has tendered his resignation to Governor Peck.

The national executive silver committee, Gen. A. J. Warner, chairman, has issued an address to congress and the people, urging the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Col. Ingersoll says that nothing can prevent the nomination by the Democrats in 1892 "of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland."

A cotton compress at Little Rock, Ark. burned Saturday, together with hundreds of bales of cotton. Loss, $250,000.

Sir Francis Cook, who married Miss Tennessee Claflin, formerly of America, is reported to be in feeble health. Sir Francis celebrated his 74th birthday last Friday.

Masked men robbed a saloon and three attendants at Kansas City, securing $190 three watches, and some jewelry.

Alaska colliery, the Reading Coal and Iron company's largest mine, has suspended operations indefinitely, throwing out of employment 700 hands. Bellmore and Morris Ridge mines have also been compelled to suspend owing to a scarcity of cars.

The hired man of J. P. Turner, of Berlin, Ills., was locked in the caboose Friday night for drunkenness. During the night he set fire to the building and burned to death.

The bill to abolish bucket-shops was reported for passage in the Nebraska house. Penalty for violation of the law is fixed at $200 for the first offense and $500 for the second.

Mrs. Elizabeth Turner was killed by a train near Dubuque, Iowa. She was deaf.

At Cedar Springs, Mich., the village marshal, John Roupe, was arrested for forgery.

At Erie, Pa., Miss Mary Jane Healy was arrested on the charge of murdering her child.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Clara Morris in "Odette."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Margaret Mather in 'Joan of Arc."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Agnes Huntington.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Mrs. Carter in "The Ugly Duckling."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Howard Athenæum Company.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Starlight."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—John A. Stephens.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — Denman Thompson & George W. Ryer.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — Dowling and Hasson.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

IRELAND AND PARNELL'S VICTORY.

As the Dutch took Holland, so Parnell has taken Ireland, because, of right, it belongs to him, in the sense of national leadership. The "ship of state" is in full sail, and the only captain capable of commanding the weather beaten old craft is on "the bridge" trumpet in hand. Parnell does not lose sight of "the last resort," in any of his public utterances. His speech at Ennis last Sunday was the most national of any he has delivered since he became the head of the present movement. He proclaimed that Ireland, within her own seas, should, and would, be sovereign, and that no English control of her affairs would be permitted. At the same time he assured Great Britain that "Imperial affairs" would not be menaced by Irish autonomy. We all know that Parnell is placed in a peculiar position, and that he must speak in terms of diplomacy to the strogner power. If Ireland once had control of her own fortunes, could "root her people in the soil," and build up her material prosperity in her own way, the "Imperial interests" might go to the devil for all that we care.

However, placed as he is, Parnell knows best what to say. Affliction has strengthened him. The shadow has passed from his soul. He is, indeed, "himself again," and more than himself. The haughty among the English, and the weak among the Irish are compelled to acknowledge the wonderful force of this extraordinary chief, the volcanic fires of whose singular nature, long slumbering, have again broken through the encumbering ice and poured their lava flood over the broad domain of Anglo-Irian politics. The Liberal party, in spite of itself, has been compelled to dip its flag to Parnell. Mr. Gladstone, impressed and over-awed by the fierce resolve of the Man of Destiny, has come down from his high horse, and is compelled to acknowledge Parnell as the leader, and to treat him as such.

Hereafter, no historian can accuse the Irish nation, for, in spite of political chains, it is a nation in soul, of ingratitude. In the teeth of Gladstone, in the face of the bishops, in the face of the British, half the Irish, and all the American press, except THE CITIZEN and one or two other Irish-American papers, Ireland, through seven of her greatest cities, including Dublin, Cork and Limerick, has upheld Parnell. There is hope for such a people, and their reward shall surely come.

Oh, generous, proud, and gallant race,
So often rash, so rarely base,
Sure as the high sun holds his place
You'll rise again!

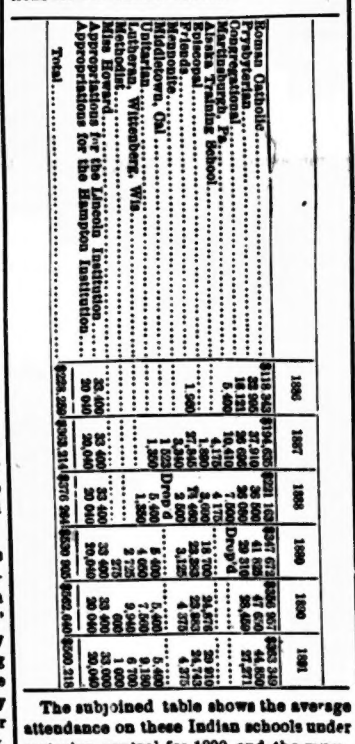
THE HIBERNIAN RIFLES.

The efforts of the officers of the Hibernian Rifles, of this city, to have the regiment enlisted and organized as the 4th Illinois Infantry, has met with no success at Springfield. Governor Fifer is not to blame in the slightest, because he has to go according to the limit of number and appropriation. The matter rests entirely in the hands of the State Legislature, and THE CITIZEN hopes to see a bill passed, before the adjournment of that body, that will enable our State militia to add to their numbers as fine a body of men as ever bore muskets or wore uniforms.

A NEW ANTI-CATHOLIC WAR.

The National League for the Protection of American Institutions, Mr James M. King, of New York, secretary, has issued what it calls "a petition and a protest against sectarian appropriations for Indian education, and especially against the increase of such appropriations," to the congress of the United States. At first glance this "petition and protest" would seem to be on the line of what is called pure nonsectarianism, but, by examination of the documents courteously furnished by Mr. King, THE CITIZEN is unwillingly forced to the belief that there is a large sized colored gentleman in the woodpile. The Indian is a creature so essentially different from a Caucasian, or even an Ethiopian, that, in dealing with him, the general policy of our national education must admit an exception. The earliest civilized friends of the red man on this continent were the French Jesuits, and their colaborers of other races. They were, virtually, about the only white people who did not rob the Indian in some form. The success of the Latin Catholic nations in dealing with the Indian problem on both of the American continents is, of itself, a convincing proof that the Anglo-American Protestant nations of this hemisphere have failed utterly in that direction. In fact the only success that has been achieved by this republic of ours in attempting to civilize the Indian has been accomplished by the Catholic missionaries. They have treated the poor savages like human beings, not like wild animals. They have ministered not alone to their spiritual, but also to their material wants. They have had no hand in speculation or jobbery of any kind around the Indian agencies. Every Indian agent, who is not a knave or a bigot, will confess that the Roman Catholic missionaries have achieved more success in dealing with the wild wards of the nation than all the ministers of other creeds combined. The very returns quoted against them by their enemies show this. They get more money from the American government than all the other denominations put together, because they have honestly earned it, and there is where the shoe pinches Mr. King and the other gentlemen of the National League for the alleged protection of American institutions.

The readers of THE CITIZEN are invited to a careful study of the following figures which show the proportion of appropriations for our Indian schools:



The subjoined table shows the average attendance on these Indian schools under sectarian control for 1890, and the number of pupils allowed for in the grants of 1891:

	1890	1891
Roman Catholic	3,013	3,353
Episcopalian	212	295
Presbyterian	320	440
Congregational	217	247
Methodist	62	65
Lutheran	77	85
Mennonite	29	35
Unitarian	45	50
Friends	237	240
Total	4,232	4,810

Mr. King then lets the Knownothing cat out of the meal sack in the following ingenuous manner:

It will be seen that considerable more than one-half of the amount appropriated by congress to denominational schools among the Indians is given to the schools under the care of one denomination, and this a denomination which has never claimed to represent over one-sixth of the population.

Last year in spite of protests three new Roman Catholic schools were specially appropriated for in addition to the already liberal estimates of the department, and it is claimed to be true that although these added schools were not this year found in the Indian Bureau estimates they are expected to be granted. It is also understood that congress will be asked to add still other sectarian schools to the list of those receiving special appropriations.

We make our earnest protest against this misappropriation of public funds.

We protest against the legalized friction with the present rational and American theory of the Indian Bureau for common school and industrial education among the Indians with a view of preparing them for self-supporting citizenship, caused by appropriations for sectarian instruction, which in many notable instances has kept the tribes among whom it has prevailed helpless dependents.

THE CITIZEN ventures to assert that if the Roman Catholic denomination were excluded from consideration by the American government, or if any one of the interminable Protestants sects were to stand at the head of the list, there would be no protest made by Mr. King—a gentleman whose abilities are sadly misplaced—and his colleagues. The following legend was once written on the walls of Bandon, Ireland, during the prevalence of that Irish Protestant form of Knownothingism called Orangeism:

Hebrews, Turks and Atheists—
All are welcome here but Papists.

Our Jewish friends have not, so far as we have knowledge, yet attempted to convert the wild red men to the tenets of the Old Testament, but we venture to say that if they had, they would not have found Mr. King's League quite as liberal to them as were even the Bandon Orange men, who only proscribed the Catholics. It is a singular fact that the two great religions from which flow the minor sects of Protestantism—to which, in fact, the worship of a personal god in any form owes its being—the Jewish and the Catholic—are the two creeds held in most abhorrence by the products of the so called Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. "Honor thy father and thy mother" was thundered from Sinai when Moses led the Chosen People through the Desert. Does Protestantism in America honor its parents? It does not, we all know. It howls against the Pope without a convincing argument. It howls against Judaism more secretly, because the votaries of that faith are powerful in the realm of finance, and yet it knows, or ought to know, that if Judaism and Catholicism had not existed, there could be no civilization such as that which Protestant America, largely aided by both Jews and Catholics, enjoys today. The Jews preserved intact, down to the days of Titus, the Egyptian civilization and their own, and long centuries of persecution in many countries to which tyranny drove them, could not wrest the teachings of Moses and the Prophets from their hearts. The Catholics, the immediate successors of the Jews in point of missionary power, rescued from the brilliant Pagans of Rome, and the fierce barbarians of Northern Europe, who overthrew the Pagan power, much of what was precious in art, in science and in literature. The American Protestants, and the Protestants of all lands, owe the Old Testament to the Jews, and the New Testament to the Catholics. When the British ancestors of Mr. King were stained with ochre and dressed in the skins of animals, if, indeed, they dressed at all, except in very cold weather, the Jewish high priests were preaching in the Temple of Solomon; and when the Angles and the Saxons were mere nomadic tribes, roaming along the shores of the Baltic, as untamed as its waves, the early Catholic missionaries—the immediate successors of the Apostles—were preaching the new dispensation to all nations; and the remnants of what was best and noblest in Roman and Grecian civilization found a sanctuary in the cloister of the monk or the cell of the holy hermit.

The great trouble with American Protestantism is that it thinks it knows everything, whereas it has still almost everything to learn—particularly in the matter of broad toleration. Our great government protects us, poor Catholics, against violent persecutions—we could protect ourselves, perhaps, if forced to it—but it is undeniable that a vehement hatred of Catholicity exists in the bosoms of millions of Protestant Americans, many of them, too, people highly polished, and apparently civilized, on the surface. Mr. King's pamphlet again furnishes evidence of this sad fact. Among the officers of the League we find the once honored name of John Jay, as president. William H. Parsons is vice president, and the list comprises men learned in law, like Wm. Allen Butler, Dorman B. Eaton and Stephen A. Walker. The following names have rather an Orange flavor: James McKeen, George D. Mackay, Peter Donald, James McGee, Peter A. Welch and Alexander E. Orr.

The League, according to Mr. King, proposes to pass a XVI amendment to the Federal constitution, which shall prohibit definitively the appropriation of any money whatsoever to Indian schools of a sectarian character. This would, of course, destroy Catholic influence among the Indians, and the other sects would be able to work the business to suit themselves. The statement, or rather implication, contained in the pamphlet to the effect that the Catholic system of teaching makes the Indians dependent is absurd on the face of it, and will provoke a smile among those who are familiar with life on the frontier. The latter know that the Catholic, or semi Catholic, Indian is about the only aborigine who is self supporting in the great west. But bigotry will never look beyond its nose.

Among those who have signed the petition for the passage of the XVI Amendment THE CITIZEN finds the names of D. F. Appleton, Edwin Booth, James B. Colgate, Washington E. Connor, Austin Corbin, A. Cleveland Coxe—Grover's cousin, the bishop of Western New York; Howard Crosby, George William Curtis—champion mugwump; Charles P. Daly—the Catholics of New York know him; Cyrus W. Field—the very British cad who erected a monument to the spy, Andre, at Tarrytown, which some patriotic American subsequently blew sky-high, for which God bless him; Henry Wise Garrett; Frederick D. Grant—son of the late General of that name, and now American minister to the Catholic court of Austria; Rutherford B. Hayes—the man who, according to Bob Ingersoll, "drew another man's salary for four years"; Abram S. Hewitt—the creature who apologized to the British minister for introducing the O'Donnell resolution in Congress; who, when mayor of New York, refused to let the Irish flag be displayed over the City Hall on St. Patrick's Day, and whom the Tammany Irish kicked ignominiously out of office the succeeding election; Horace Porter, who ought to know better; Charles Scribner; Charles Edward Tracey—sounds Irish like; Jonathan Trumbull; Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has more money than brains, "by a large majority"; Henry Villard, who ought to attend to his legitimate business of money making; John D. Rockafeller, the Standard Oil magnate, who recently donated a million dollars to a Baptist college—just to prove his consistency, as it were; J. Pierpont Morgan, a "dizzy dude," and many other men who might be better employed than in waging war against the creed which has proved itself the chief benefactor of the unfortunate savage, not alone on this but also on other continents.

STRAPPING IRISH "PEELERS" FOR SALE.

It is evident that the members of the Royal Hibernian Constabulary are heavily bent on matrimony, but are unable to "put the hearts across" in the fair Irish girls of their immediate localities. The average R. I. C. is a fine physical specimen of manhood—nothing finer in the world in his line. THE CITIZEN wishes it could say the same of him morally and mentally, although the poor devil is often a victim of circumstances, and, perhaps, under a native Irish government, he might become a useful, as well as an ornamental, member of society. When Queen Vic's recruiting sergeants sought to enlist the R.I.Cs for the Crimean war one of them wrote a poem, in which the following lines occurred:

Oh, do you want recruits, your honor?
Sure we're the boys for you;
If you could only hook us
We're exactly what would do:
We're what they call the "Peelers,"
Divil a finer set of min
You'd find, travel the world over
And back home again!
Oh, if you'd ride 'round Ireland,
And saw us on parade,
You never saw the bate of us,
That's all that can be said:
The most of us are six feet high,
From that to six feet four,
Such Guardsmen as *our* pick would make
Were never seen before!
* * * * *
The man who struck the ration out
Had very little wit,
To think a penny worth of beer
A Peeler's mug would fit,
And if he were in Ireland,
Oh, dear, how he'd have laughed
To see a Peeler drinking four pence
Ha'penny at a draught!
The man who drank it now is stationed
At a place called Newtowards:
Such men, I think, would soon dry up
The beer cans of the Guards!

It will be seen by the foregoing choice stanzas that the R. I. C. has a fine opinion of himself, and a great capacity for swallowing beer. He would make the fortune of an average "wet grocery" in this country. Therefore, the readers of THE CITIZEN need not be surprised at the tone of self-laudation pervading the following "ads," which appeared in the Dublin *Freeman* of recent date:

MATRIMONY—Constable R.I.C., considered good-looking, 26 years, having £500 in bank, with salary, desires the acquaintance of an accomplished young lady, Protestant, with means, with view to matrimony; must be good looking, must be not over 20. Address, enclosing photo in first instance.

MATRIMONY—Head constable, R.I.C., considered good looking, 36 years, having £700 in bank, with salary £104 per annum, desires the acquaintance of an accomplished young lady, R.C., with means, and with view to matrimony; must be good looking; clerical reference given and required. Address, enclosing photo in first instance, 2790, Freeman office.

Just think of $2,500 and $3,500 in bank going a begging, especially with two fine looking fellows, according to themselves, behind the bank accounts! Also, in the case of the amorous Head Constable $520 a year! Oh, thunder and turf! Why, our little newsboys earn that much a year in this country.

SOME of the leading literary minds among the Catholic writers of America have been afflicted by the death of near and dear relatives very lately. Only a few weeks ago, the death of the Hon. M. H Phelan, brother of the distinguished Father D. S. Phelan, of the *Western Watchman*, St. Louis, was announced, and now comes the news of the equally unexpected death of the respected father of Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame, Ind., University—one of the most noted Catholic writers in the United States.

THE annual convention of the Irish Catholic Parade Union will be held at St. John's Library Hall, Sixteenth and Chestnut streets, St. Louis, on Sunday, Feb. 15, 1891, at 2:30 p. m. The clergy and all Irish and Catholic societies, are appealed to for the purpose of sending three delegates from each organization to take part in the deliberations.

MR. and Mrs. Wm. J. McGarigle have been again heavily afflicted in the death of their eldest son, George, a fine, bright boy, who succumbed to diphtheria, the disease that carried off his little sister a few days previously, last Saturday. Other children in the family are down with the same disease but it is hoped they will recover. THE CITIZEN sympathizes deeply with Mr. and Mrs. McGarigle in their great affliction.

Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, has been appointed a vice-president of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland in place of Mr. Mitchel Henry, resigned.

WOMEN NOT TUBS.

Consequently, Eleanor Kirk says, the Abominable "Hoop Skirt" will not be Revived.

The Sensible Women of Our Day will "Sit Down" on the Senseless Proposition.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Feb. 2.—A communication signed "A Lover of Style," expresses the sentiments of many of my correspondents, and presumable of many more that I do not hear from. This writer desires to be neat, economical and healthy. She does not wish to weaken her spine or throw her delicate internal organs out of place. She "shudders at the thought of dragging nice materials over the dust, dirt and mire of the streets," but if demi-skirts *are* worn out of doors, she shudders almost as much from the thought of not being perpetually draggled.

I know that many women have a great deal to learn, and that brought up as they have been to consider the mandates of fashion more peremptory than the laws of health, common sense and common decency, we ought not to expect too much. Another correspondent hears that hoop-skirts are to be revived, and evidently wishes to be among the first to step into a wire cage. For the benefit of these anxious souls, as well as for the satisfaction of those who desire nothing so much as healthfulness, good taste and simplicity in dress, I am delighted to say that those in authority—such women as Anne Jenness Miller, Madam Demorest and others of equal intelligence and observation, are sure that there never will be again so blind a following of fashion as the world has suffered from in the past. The educated, individual taste will be the guiding influence, and we may be sure that an educated taste will never countenance a hump on the back, a hoopskirt, or even the wobbling, deforming reed.

One of our popular magazines recently stated that many of the "elite"—how I do hate that word—had taken matters into their hands, and now had their street skirts made very short, and that some of these garments only reached the top of the boots. I am very glad to be able to assure my readers that there are at least ten such skirts to one street sweeper. I met the other day while shopping, the wife and sister of one of our millionaires, both well known in society, and their skirts were literally at the top of their boots. They wore short, jaunty sacks and small, stylish toques. The lungs and the limbs of these shoppers were as free as nature intended them to be, and what can one say more?

The next Sunday I met a couple of shop girls on their way to church. They doubtless supposed themselves in the height of fashion, for their elaborate demi-trains, composed of the cheapest possible woolen stuff, swept the snowy and muddy sidewalks, and the abominable dirty crossings. No attempt was made to rescue these tails from the wet and filth. To do so would have been to sacrifice style to cleanliness. It is not difficult for the person of ordinary common sense to tell the educated from the uneducated taste in the above examples. Empty heads with full or empty purses will trail their petticoats in the dirt if such appears to be the decree of fashion. But women with brains will go out with clean skirts, and return with them in the same condition.

"Mother," wishes to know if I agree with her pastor that women should never read novels. If this writer is as familiar with my correspondence as she claims to be, I cannot understand how she can ask such a question. "Agree with her pastor?" Why the man must be either a fool or a fossil. The inference seems to be that men, on account of their superior intelligence and strength of character, can read novels without harm to their moral natures. I think every candid and sensible reader will agree with me that such a distinction in this age of progress and reform, made by a man appointed to minister to the spiritual needs of a large class, marks the acme of insanity.

This reminds me of a warning which I was asked to convey to my readers—by another minister—against Rhoda Broughton's novels. I will comply with this request so far as to say that I consider Miss Broughton one of the cleanest as well as one of the most interesting of writers. Her last book "Alas!" is so true to human nature, so brilliant, so suggestive, so helpful, that I most heartily recommend it to every woman in sound of my printed voice. I am truly sorry not to be able to oblige the minister, but to do so would be to stultify my intellect, and I am not doing that at present.

I would like to say to the hosts of friends who have asked me about the new edition of "Periodicals that Pay Contributors," that I claim to have made as perfect a list as could possibly be obtained by mortal woman. There are a few editors who do pay for contributions, but who refuse to be mentioned at all. Such omissions as these I can scarcely be held accountable for. This second, and very large edition, is now so nearly exhausted that another is already in hand.

A letter from a boy in Rahway, N. J., thanking me for recommending Mr. Finerty's new book, "Warpath and Bivouac," gives me much pleasure. This is a book for everybody at the present time, as there never was a volume which gave so much information on the Indian question. It is full of thrilling incidents of the late Indian war, and surely our boys and girls ought to know all about that, as it not only adds to their stock of information, but enables them to better understand the present redskin complication. The author did not get his details second hand, but was on the spot as a fighter as well as a war correspondent.

The February number of *Demorest's Family Magazine*, published by W. Jennings Demorest, No. 15 East Fourteenth street, New York, is certainly unique, and I am happy to say answers many questions that have been asked me by young women who are anxious to learn to dance, but in whose towns and villages there are no dancing schools.

It is is certainly a happy thought to convey this information by a set of simple directions, illustrations and diagrams in the pages of a magazine, and Dodworth, the great dancing master, has done his work well because so simply. A child who can read will be able to learn the "Plain Waltz," the "Polka," the "Three-Slide Polka," the "Polka Redowa," the "New Varsovianna," and other dances, in fact all the "Modern Society Dances."

As I looked over the pages of this beautifully edited and printed magazine, I found myself asking, "Why didn't somebody teach dancing in this way before?"

Imagine a course in dancing for only 20 cents, for that is the price of the magazine.

Every boy and girl should learn to dance if it can possibly be accomplished. It gives grace to movement, suppleness to the limbs, and will insure health and a splendid circulation of the blood if properly indulged in. ELEANOR KIRK.

PERSONAL.

Gen. W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") accompanied by Mr. Dennis Cunningham, of Omaha, Neb., and other gentlemen, called upon the editor of THE CITIZEN on Thursday of this week. The General is looking well, and feels as young as ever. He will sail for Europe, to complete his Wild West tour, in April. After doing the rest of Germany, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, perhaps Russia also, he will make a tour of Great Britain and Ireland. Gen. Cody's grandfather was born in the county Tipperary, Ireland. He shows the blood, too.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His spirit light as any fairy,
His wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps the hills of Tipperary!

THE CITIZEN is certain that Ireland will give Gen. Cody, the premier scout of America, a noble welcome.

The Hon. Richard McCloud, of Durango, Colo., late Register of Public Lands in that district, passed through the city recently on his way to Washington. He will be absent about a month.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY MAHER.

Mrs. Mary Maher, wife of Mr. Martin Maher, No. 450 Bowen avenue, city, died at her residence on Jan. 29 of acute peritonitis. The deceased lady was only in her 36th year, and leaves behind her seven children, all of tender age. Mrs. Maher was a most exemplary wife and mother, and was well known for her works of charity in the Holy Angels' parish. Her death is a severe affliction not alone to her bereaved husband and children, but also to her other relatives and a countless host of friends. She was the only sister of Mrs. Michael Phelan, Thirty-first and State streets, and was a niece of Capt. R. C. Kelly. Mrs. Maher was born in Rathdowney, Queen's county, Ireland, and came to this country in 1875. The funeral occurred on Saturday morning, Jan. 31, from the house to the church of the Holy Angels. The attendance was very large. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father Callaghan. The remains were interred in the family burial place at Mt. Olivet cemetery.

MRS. ANNIE STUCKART.

Mrs. Annie Stuckart, wife of Mr. Henry Stuckart, of No. 2519 Archer avenue, died Jan. 30, at a comparative early age. Her remains were interred at Oakwoods cemetery on Sunday last, and were followed to the grave by her sorrowing family and a numerous gathering of sympathizing friends.

A Settler's Cabin in the Days when They Crossed the Plains with Ox-teams.

Just at the foot of the little bluff ahead, with a background of trees, was a log cabin of hewn timber, weather-stained and gray in the summer sun, absolutely alone and looking as if lost in this untrodden wild. Pointing to it, Younkins said, "That's your house so long as you want it."

The emigrants tramped through the tall, lush grass that covered every foot of the new Kansas soil, their eyes fixed eagerly on the log cabin before them. The latch-string hung out hospitably from the door of split "shakes," and the party entered without ado. Everything was just as Younkins had last left it. Two or three gophers, disturbed in their foraging about the premises, fled swiftly at the entrance of the visitors, and a flock of black birds, settled around the rear of the house, flew noisily across the creek that wound its way down to the fork.

The floor was of puncheons split from oak logs and laid loosely on rough-hewn joists. These rattled as the visitors walked over them. At one end of the cabin a huge fireplace of stone laid in clay yawned for the future comfort of the coming tenants. Near by a rude set of shelves suggested a pantry, and a table, home-made and equally rude, stood in the middle of the floor. In one corner was built a bedstead, two sides of the house furnishing two sides of the work, and the other two being made by driving a stake into the floor and connecting that by string pieces to the sides of the cabin. Thongs of buffalo-hide formed the bottom of this novel bedstead. A few stools and short benches were scattered about. Near the fire-place long and strong pegs driven into the logs served as a ladder on which one could climb to the low loft overhead. Two windows, each of twelve small panes of glass, let in the light, one from the end of the cabin and one from the back opposite the door, which was in the middle of the front. Outside, a frail shanty of shakes leaned against the cabin, affording a sort of outdoor kitchen for summer use.—*Noah Brooks in February St. Nicholas.*

THE first original article by Count Tolstoi, that has ever been published in an American magazine, appears in the February issue of *The Cosmopolitan*, with a number of interesting photographic reproductions, one of them being a picture of Tolstoi guiding a plow in his Russian fields. Brander Matthews appears with his first article upon Some Latterday Humorists. Ex-Postmaster General James presents an article upon the Welsh in the United States, liberally illustrated by portraits of prominent men who are of Welsh extraction. Women Clerks in New York, by the Marquise Clara Lanza. A charming article on the old Chateaux in Touraine by Miss Elsie DeWolfe; Prince Talleyrand and his Memoirs by H. de Bury. Amateur Portraiture in Photography, and A Remarkable Musical History by William Pole, F. R. S., are other prominent features of the February issue. Price, 25 cents. (Cosmopolitan Pub. Co., Madison Square, New York.)

The clergy of Killaloe have received the sum of £50 from his grace the archbishop of New York, for distribution among the poor. The sum forms portion of a fund collected for Irish famine sufferers.

MORE DIRTY WORK.

How the Agents of the London "Times" Sought to get Evidence Against Mr. Parnell out of Imprisoned Irishmen.

Daniel Delaney's Strong and Straightforward Statement.

Daniel Delaney one of the "Invincibles recently released from Downpatrick jail, has made a statement, of which the following are extracts:

"Mr. Murphy, who was then governor, carried out a very good system of work, and while his discipline was rigid, there were no complaints and there was no grumbling, because he put each man to what he was best suited for. Joe Mullett was at first put to the tailoring, but he is now librarian, and keeps the library and books in order for the prisoners. I was put to carpenter work, and the first thing I, with others, had to do was to erect a little chapel and altar. Mr. Murphy, the governor, was very kind to Hugh Mullin in Downpatrick, but one day Mullin when carrying a stone about seventy pounds' weight, met with an accident. He slipped, and the stone, falling on his left hand, broke two of his fingers. The fingers did not receive proper attention, and, in consequence of the state in which they were, the other prisoners refused to work beside him. After that the fingers were dressed and kept clean, and subsequently Mullin's mind became so deranged that he was sent to Dundrum."

"Do you know anything of the efforts of the *Times* to obtain evidence from the prisoners?"

"Yes. I heard P. W. Nally asked would he give information for the *Times*. Nally, in reply, said that he would rather be found dead in the morning in his cell than stoop to such a thing, or to sign a memorial for his liberty, even though certain that the memorial would succeed. Nally afterwards wrote to the Prisons' Board complaining of this. From 1885 to 1889, when he went to London, Nally was in very bad health, and he is not altogether in good health at present.

"One Saturday—I cannot remember the date—Chief Warden McManus came to the carpenter's shop and told Warden Johnston to send out Delaney. I was then brought by McManus to the governor's house, where Mr. Andrews met me, and brought me into the parlor, where he left me, saying, 'There is a gentleman from Dublin wants to see you.' The gentleman Mr. Andrews referred to was in the parlor, and he told me he was a solicitor from Dublin, and that he was acting on behalf of the *Times*. He then explained the action which was going on between Mr. Parnell and the *Times*, and he said he was in a position to tell me that I would get my liberty, and that the *Times* people would not forget their friends, if I would go over and tell what I knew about the organization of the Invincibles. He said, however, he did not want me to tell anything about my comrades. I replied, 'What! is it to become an informer?' And he said, 'Not exactly an informer.' I struck the table with my hand and said I would die first. The gentleman endeavored to put some questions to me, but I told him I would have no further conversation with him, and he then held out his hand and shook hands with me, saying, 'Very well, I am just as well satisfied as if you did, for my duty is done.' Mr. Andrews afterwards brought me back to the workshop. Some time afterwards P. W Nally got an opportunity and asked me what was up. We were good comrades, and I told him, and he said, 'Was there not a poker or a fire shovel in the room, when you did not split his skull?' I said it was better as it was. Afterwards I made a complaint on this subject to two members of the Prisons' Board, who came down on the usual visit, Dr. O Farrell and Mr. O'Brien, the vice chairman. I was brought into them and I asked them why any one was allowed in to annoy us, for we had our own troubles. Mr. O'Brien and Dr. O'Farrell took notes of the statements, and Mr. O'Brien told the chief warden that the conditions on which the government allowed those gentlemen to visit the prisoners was, that the prisoners should be told of the visit, and express their willingness to receive it, and that then the interview should take place in presence of a warden."

"Had you anything outside the *Times* business to complain of in regard to your confinement in Downpatrick jail?"

'Our class of prisoners never got the privileges to which we were entitled. In Mr. Andrews' time Edward McCaffrey went through a dreadful amount of punishment, and he was once put in chains. In September, 1889, when my mother died, I applied to be allowed, as is usual on such occasions, to write a special letter. The chief warden said he would allow me. One day, however, when I was working with P. W. Nally in the carpenter's shop, where I was teaching Nally to be a carpenter (and a very apt apprentice he was), Captain Hill, the inspector, came in, and being told of what I wanted, he said it was out of his power to grant the permission. In consequence of that I could not write home."

"Should you not have been out of prison before Christmas?"

"Yes, I should have been released on Dec. 22, but on the 5th, something occurred which delayed me. On that day Nally and myself were sent to the shop where James Mullett, and prisoners named Perry and Plunkett, were splitting firewood, and there a conversation began as to the erection of the scaffold at Kilmainham, in 1883. Some said it had been erected by soldiers, but I said I had seen warders construct it. I was reported by the warder in charge for using words which I never uttered, and in consequence I was fined fourteen days by the chairman of the Prisons' Board."

"Have you anything to say about any of the other prisoners?"

"Yes. I would like to say something about a few of them. Joe Mullett is dying by inches, and very often we thought he would be found dead in his cell in the morning. The visiting justices are of no use. No matter what complaint is made, if the chief warder says it is not true there is no more heard about it. I myself told Lord De Ros about eleven prisoners who were living in their cells, struck down by influenza, and asked that they should be removed to the hospital, which for some reason was not used. Lord De Ros asked me did it affect me, and when I said it did not, he replied, Very well; I won't take that as a report.' That was the only report I ever made. Christopher Dowling lost his eye, owing to the tongs with which he held a spring being defective. As to Fitzharris, he is looking very old, but he is keeping up his heart. He has become a great poet, and is always composing comic songs. He wishes to be remembered to all the boys. The Crossmaglen and Dublin prisoners got on well together."

"How much money did you get on leaving the prison?"

"A prisoner can only earn $15, but at the end of the term he should get $15 extra, making $30 in all. None of the Dublin or Crossmaglen prisoners were given the extra $15. Our train fare was paid to Dublin."

"What do you intend to do now?'

"I intend to work at my own business as soon as I get employment and tools. When I came home I was shocked at the appearance of my wife, who has been struggling all these years, and I shall take any job, no matter what it is, in order to earn bread for my children."

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

On Jan. 16 C. G. Doran, town commissioner, Queenstown, was fined 20s and costs for assaulting Edmund Farrell, chairman of the town commissioners.

Dennis Kelly, a farmer, was found drowned at Teergay, near Macroom, on Jan. 13.

Two emergencymen, Patrick Ryan and Patrick Halloran, have been arrested for robbing a farmer named Thomas Casey, near Michelstown.

Patrick Hackett was arrested on Jan. 10 charged with being an accomplice in the Ballyheigue murder.

B. Sullivan was hanged in Tralee jail on Feb. 2.

Five men, named Leary, Sullivan, Connor, Riordan, and Twomey, were arrested at Castleisland charged with the murder of Cornelius Hickey, near Castleisland, in 1882. The prisoners were remanded.

Two shots were fired into the house of Thomas Cullinane, a farmer, at Cappe, near Ennis. No one was injured.

Bridget Killoran, a domestic servant, was burned to death in Ennis on Jan. 11.

On Jan. 15 the Very Rev. Canon Ryan, New Inn, Tipperary, died at his residence.

Mr. Long, editor of the *Nationalist*, having refused to give bonds for his good behavior, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment by removables Evanson and Brusen at Clonmel.

A farmer named Griffin was arrested on Jan. 15 for having seriously assaulted another agriculturist named Flynn, at the Ummer Bridge, near Lismore.

The Tuam gas company is on the verge of bankruptcy.

Mr. J. McTighe, of the well known firm Shea & McTighe, Sligo, died on Jan. 9.

Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., is sueing Mr. J. J. Lalor, publisher, for libel.

On Sunday, Jan. 18, the Most Rev. Bishop of Ferns conferred the Order of Priesthood on Rev. J. Redmond, Rev. M. Hickey, and Rev. James Kenny, in St. Peter's Collegiate Chapel, Wexford,

Miss Maguire, daughter of the late John Francis Maguire, Cork, was received into the Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Wexford, on Jan. 13.

The Mountmellick board of guardians are urging the government to proceed with the drainage of the Barrow.

On Jan. 15 the premises of Mr. G Jones, Watergate street, Navan, were burned to the ground, and a large quantity of breadstuffs also was burned.

Westport harbor annual account shows an increase in the business of the port. The increase is greater in foreign tonnage, owing to the marked extension of the trade of the firm of William Livingstone.

The temperature in Ireland on Jan. 7 fell to 17 degrees above.

On Jan. 6, at Dundalk, the fee simple farm of Williamstown, near Drumcar, was offered for sale at public auction. It consists of 145 statute acres, subject to an annual charge to the government of £93 for drainage. When the bidding had reached £1,305 the auctioneer declared the trustees of Lord Rathdonnell the purchasers.

The Castlebar board of guardians passed a resolution again urging on the government the necessity for starting relief works without delay, and calling for an inquiry into the death of a poor tenant named Mulroy, who died from want of food in the district recently.

The body of a farmer named Sheehan, of Kilbrin, Kanturk, was found hanging from the branch of a hawthorn tree near his house. Sheehan's cousin committed suicide recently, and since that occurrence he had been very moody and eccentric He left a large family.

A large meeting was held at Ballyshannon recently to consider the steps which should be taken for the relief of the distress. Canon McKenna, who was the principal speaker, urged that local efforts should be made to relieve the distress, and deprecated the acceptance of charity from Dublin Castle.

Mr. John Ormsby, master of the Tuam workhouse, died recently.

A very successful ball was given in the Meniagh schools on Jan. 4. The assemblage was large and respectable, being composed of the elite of the parish and its vicinity, Mountbellew, Castleblakeney, and Ballymacward, having been well represented.

Messrs. English and Ryan, who were arrested in Tipperary some time ago in connection with the nonpayment of rent, were released from Clonmel jail on Jan. 15

The trial of seven young men of Knockavalla on a charge of attacking the police at a tenant right meeting, terminated recently. One of them was discharged, three others (John Gleeson, Wm. Ryan, and John Darmody) were sent to jail for a month with hard labor, and the other four were sentenced to twenty one days' imprisonment.

At a meeting of the Waterford city branch of the National League, the mayor was elected president for the ensuing year, Rev. P. J. Sheehan vice president, Mr. J Kelly treasurer, and Mr. P. Walsh secretary. After the election had concluded, Mr. Walsh proposed a vote of confidence in Mr. Parnell. He was interrupted by Father Sheehan, who said the motion was out of order, and on the chairman ruling that Mr. Walsh might move his resolution, the reverend gentleman left the meeting accompanied by about thirty clergymen and others, and proceeding to another room in the town hall, a new branch of the National League was formed. Meantime Mr. Walsh's resolution was carried at the City branch by acclamation.

The construction of the Claremorris & Colloony railway is now being proceeded with. The line will be thirty two miles long.

Reports of keen distress in several districts were made at meetings of the Clonakilty guardians, Ballinrobe guardians, Newcastle West guardians, and a meeting of shopkeepers of Lower Rosses, Dungloe. At Clonakilty the local government board inspector promised relief to the people who waited on the guardians, and undertook that they would not be "spoonfed." At the Ballinrobe board it was stated that many people on the Partry mountains were starving.

At a meeting of the Ballina guardians a letter was received from the local government board stating that an evicted tenant named John Boyd, with his wife and family of seven children, were living under an open boat at the side of a road near the town, and requesting the guardians to induce him to enter the workhouse. It was stated, however, that Boyd refused to leave the spot, which was close to his former holding, and the guardians instructed the relieving officer to visit the place and give whatever relief was necessary.

A young man named McArdle, while at work in the cattle pens of the Dundalk & Newry Steam Packet Company, in Dundalk, was attacked by a bull and savagely gored. He died shortly afterward.

Hugh McLoughlin, of Magheral, near Banbridge, was arrested on a charge of attempting to murder his wife, to whom he had only been married six weeks. He met her beside a wide dam, and breaking a hole in the ice threw her in. She was rescued with much difficulty by two farmers who were attracted by her cries.

Father Lavelle writes from Achill Island calling for immediate help to save the people from actual starvation. There is no work to be had, and the people have neither food nor the means to procure it.

The Bantry board of guardians have sent forward to the government a petition from the people of Kilcaskin division asking for the starting of some relief works in that district.

A project has been set on foot to establish a creamery on the co operative system at Newcastlewest. Messrs. J. P. Evans & Co., Limerick, are contractors for the machinery.

The poor people living in the Galtees have not a potato for seed or food.

A trader in Clonmel named Matt Dwyer died very suddenly on Jan. 20.

An action was brought at the Limerick Quarter Sessions against John Leonard, a farmer, by the parents of a dairymaid named Mary Boland, who had been accidentally shot by Leonard. The parents claimed damages, and the jury awarded them one farthing.

The failure is announced at the London Bankruptcy court of Garret M. Byrne, M. P., for Wicklow county.

About 1,000 persons of both sexes are employed on relief work in the Skibbereen district, principally consisting of road repairs.

At Tipperary, John Kelly, a grocer's assistant, was charged by Constable Oakman with having assaulted him on the night of Dec. 30, and saying he would give him plenty of buckshot if he had him in a quiet place. The case was dismissed.

The agricultural laborers around Mitchelstown, county Cork, are in a very distressed condition.

A lady named Jordan died at Warrenpoint who arrived at the extraordinary age of 101 years, and who possessed her faculties up to the last. She had four generations of descendants.

Through the instrumentality of the clergy of Killaloe about eighty laborers are employed in drainage works there.

The Very Rev. R. McLoughlin, Adm., V. F., Sligo; Very Rev. Patrick Healy, P.P., Castlerea; and Very Rev. Father Kelly, P.P., V.G., Athlone, have been elevated to the dignity of Canons of the diocese of Elphin.

All the shops and stalls in New Tipperary are still kept closed, and the sheriff and his bailiffs will not be allowed to effect any more seizures on behalf of Mr. Smith Barry. Business there is completely suspended, and the inhabitants are confined to their houses.

The Bishop of Achonry, Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, dedicated the beautiful new church of St. Joseph, Rooskey, parish of Carracastle, of which Father Duncan is parish priest. The ceremony was followed by high mass, at which the Very Rev. Pius Devine, C.P., preached.

ALL MEDICAL authorities agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It is held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers, entire:

To the Editor Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat —Sir: On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared on the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the effected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and travelled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I had at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practising physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty six pounds in flesh, because entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly reinvestigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe *more than one half of the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys.* This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity) but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificates as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy, or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences

J. B. HENION, M.D.

Rochester, N Y, Dec 30, 90.

THE ISLE OF OUR LOVE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Oh, we love an isle—a storied isle that is laved
by the azure sea,
Where oft in youth we lay entranced by the
ocean's melody;
Yes, we love that isle—that verdant isle away
to the east away,
Where the mountains guard the limpid lakes,
and the rovstering streamlets play:
Sweet—sweet 'twere to dwell by each holy well
in the light of its mystic glow,
Where the grand Round Towers proudly stand,
and the beautiful shamrocks grow!

Oh, we love an isle—an ancient isle, the aureole
of whose name
Shines, fire-fly like, down Time's broad span
from the pyramid of fame—
Whose quaint old lore, whose glorious speech,
whose sabres flashing bright
Proclaimed her the nurse of the sage and seer,
the home of the warrior knight;
For the thinking mind and the hand that could
smite were her's long, long ago
Where the raths and the *eromleachs* proudly
stand, and the beautiful shamrocks grow!

Oh, 'tis there the air is as soft as balm, and the
dew from the fragrant sky
Is as subtly sweet as a dream-voiced song, or a
love-sick maiden's sigh,
From far Cape Clear in the sunny South, from
Beare, and from Union Hall
To the purple slopes of Antrim's crags, and the
hills of Donegal!
Oh, give us an hour in Wicklow's wilds or the
valley of Aherlow,
Where the briars bloom o'er the verdant sward,
and the beautiful shamrocks grow!

And there we would dream heroic dreams of
her glories overcast,
That would spring in robes of lustre from the
tombs of the buried past—
Dreams of the giants and knights of old, whose
war-worn flags unfurled
Spread the name and fame of Erin through the
length of the Eastern world;
For we worship the past—the chivalrous past
and its immemorial glow,
Where the sun still shines on her battlefields,
and the beautiful shamrocks grow!

Oh, we love that isle—that storied isle, the
home of our fathers' graves,
Where in peace they rest on her holy breast,
caressed by the ocean waves,
With the blue of the deep sea at their feet, and
around them and above
The azure sky, and the hills and vales of the
land of their only love:
Oh, sweet 'twere to sleep 'mid those crags o'erhead, or down in the glens below
Where the grand Round Towers proudly stand,
and the beautiful shamrocks grow!

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N Y.*

Shakespeare will please excuse us if we modify him thus: Thrice is he clad who hath his system strengthened with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and he but naked, though arrayed in furs, whose blood is poor or with disease corrupted. An incomparable medicine!

An old woman named Dempsey died at Ballylinan, Queen's county, at the extraordinary age of 110 years. Her son, who resided with her, is upwards of 80 years old.

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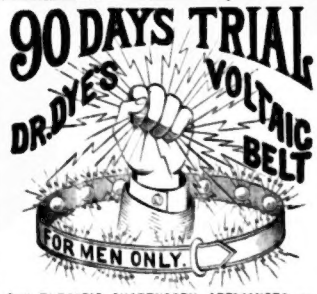
To men and women in every town and county, to represent me upon newly patented Household Specialties. Exclusive territory free. Liberal pay.
W. E. BEVERIDGE, Baltimore, Md.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890 No fee charged if claim is not allowed.
JOHN F. FINERTY
79 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.



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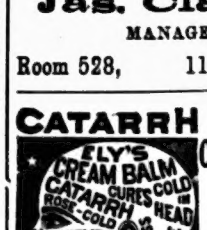

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TRUANT MOLLY.

The winds have lulled the shadows to sleep,
The cows came home long ago,
The things of day strange silence keep—
Why does that child linger so?

Shading her eyes from the setting sun
The mother stands by the gate,
Watching long for the truant one;
Oh! where does she stay so late?

Has she wandered on where the swamp flowers blow
Down by the gliding stream?
Hark! was that a faint "Hello!"
No, naught but the loon's weird scream.

Has she slipped on the oozy dank, dark mosses
On the cliffs where the tall pines grow,
Food for the green, slimy waters
Of those treacherous bogs below?

Nay, hush ye, timorous mother;
Thy maiden is safe and sound;
No deep, dark waters smother,
Or the lithe, willowy form surround

She is down at the foot of the meadow,
There at the end of the lane,
Asking a daisy the question
Whether her love loves back again.

And Jack is bending beside her,
Down there amid the rye—
Two curly heads near together—
To see that the daisy don't lie.

—Henry W. Hall in New England Magazine.

A LOVE STORY.

I sat spinning at my little wheel in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling, and, looking up, there was young Squire Turner, with his arms folded on the gate, looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed, I blushed, and I arose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds, and he was bonny to loook at with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he: "I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I, and I set a chair, for he was grandfather's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmother, who brought me up, said, "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn that grew in the church lane. I never meant to deceive, but grannie was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor, struggling young surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the squire was gone and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of his fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that when the half year's rent should come due not a penny to pay it with would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on the winter nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way and watch me knit or spin. Once or twice he was flushed with wine and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's.

He made me angry and I spoke up.

"For that matter, the squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than"——

"May be you like him better!" said Evan.

"I don't say that," replied I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce ever make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me."

For he had been scolding me. No other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart deep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much, though. I knew he would come round again, and mayhap ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses.

So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in, and shutting the door, stood between grandmamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay the rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grandmamma's hand covered them. Grandpa drew me to him.

"Thou'rt young, lass," said he, "and they are right who call thee pretty. Child—could'st like the squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh?" cried grandma. "Sure, you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamt of golden rings and white roses on Christmas eve," cried grannie. "I knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out, I knew.

"Wilt have him and be a rich lady?" said grandpa.

And when he had waited for an answer I burst out with "No" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grandmamma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the squire heaven only knew what might happen.

"She'll never ruin us," sobbed grandmamma.

Ah! it was heard to bear—bitter hard; but now there was no help for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it on my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grandmamma called me a deceitful wench, and grandfather looked as though his heart would break.

Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The days passed on, and he never came near me.

"Oh, it was cruel in him," I thought, "to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, when I spoke it that he must know I loved him so."

And grandma would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grandpa sighed and moaned and talked of the work house. And I thought I should die of grief among them.

One day grandma said to me, "It seems that your sweetheart is not over fond of you, nor over anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?" asked grandma.

"Busy, doubtless," said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

"You're going with him, maybe."

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"They're going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there."

"I told you so," said grandmother.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"They've sold the house and gone to Liverpool to take ship; and you may find the truth for yourself, if you choose to take the trouble," said Dame Coombs. "I'm no chatterbox, to tell falsehoods about my neighbors."

And still I would not believe it until I had walked across the moor and had seen the shutters fast closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grandmamma's knee.

"It's true," said I.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a babe, a widow."

I looked at her as she sobbed, and I found strength to say:

"Give me to whom you will then, since my own love does not want me."

And then I crept up stairs and sat down on my bedside, weak as though I had fainted. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grandfather's old face! And grannie grew so proud and kind, and all the house was aglow, and only I sad. But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folks said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and your braw grand lover canna make ye smile; ye are na that ill, either."

"No, I am well enough," said I.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Gin ye'd tell me your all, I might tell ye a cure," she said.

But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grannie and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it were my shroud they were working at instead.

And one night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt down under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world, "for how can I live without Evan?" I said.

I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that at first I scarce thought earthly. Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she said; "ye sent him fra ye for sake o' the young squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me!"

But she caught my sleeve.

"Dinna be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee, and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye waste like the snaw wreath in the sun sin the squire wood ye. Was it your will the lad that loved the ground ye trod on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to young Dr. Locke's place past the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he, 'There's na a drop o' true bluid in a woman 'gin she is false.' And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, an' your grannie rode home. There 'tis all I ken—wull it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I, "heaven bless you!"

And had I wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.

I stood before my grandmother, trembling and white, and I said: "Oh, don't tell me, grannie, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it back to Evan, as if from me? You I've loved and honored my life long"——

She turned scarlet.

"True love!" said she, "you've but one true love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face."

And she looked down at that and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I had loved for forty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy, worth nothing, stand in my way, and see him a beggar in his old age? Oh, girl, girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but then, when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own and come with me, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the housekeeper to let me see the squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here."

But I stopped him.

"Not your love, Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but after all that has passed I"——

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you, Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offense—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" And all I could do was to sob.

At last strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how, when he honored me by an offer of his hand, I angered my grandmother by owning to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my breast and the false message that had been sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then as I looked all the rich color faded out of the squire's face, and I saw the sight we seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah, me! the news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many a higher and fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle, as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Golden George has not sailed yet."

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grannie that I would never wed him.

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men, who rode away with the break of the morrow and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George, and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me. Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent old grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night. For we were married, and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was nigh two, the thing I needed to make me quite happy happened—and from far over the sea, where he had been three twelvemonths, came our squire with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the hall had a mistress at last—a mistress who loved the squire as I loved Evan.

Eh! but it's an old story. She that I remembered a girl I saw in her coffin, withered and old. And then they opened the vault where the squire had slept ten years to put her beside him; and I've nothing left of Evan, my life and my love, but his memory, and it seems as if every hope and dream of joy I ever had was put away under tombstones. And even the Golden George, the great strong ship that would have borne my dear from me, has moldered away at the bottom of the sea. And I think my wedding ring is like to outlast us all, for I have it yet, and I shall be 90 to-morrow.

Ninety! It's a good old age, and it can't be long now before I meet Evan and the rest in heaven.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Sugar Cane Juice.

A horse treadmill grinding sugar cane and pressing out the juice for sale to passers by is an odd feature of the wayside in Tampa, Fla., and one or two other southern cities. The liquid sells for a nickel a glass, and many people like it. It tastes insipid and sickish sweet to a northern palate.—Exchange.

THE SUPERSENSITIVE.

MEN WHO THINK THEY ARE CARICATURED BY AUTHOR AND ACTOR.

Sothern's Experience with Count Joannes—A Duel with Cannons Proposed. People Who Were Unconsciously Offended by Wilkie Collins.

One of the most popular entertainers the world has seen suffered greatly, owing to the persistence with which people would see likenesses to themselves in the creations of his fancy. If he chose the name of Brown, Jones or Robinson for one of his characters, some real cognomen wrote to him, complaining bitterly against his "satirizing a class," and then pointed out certain of their distinctive peculiarities which were, they alleged, burlesqued.

On the other hand, if he invented, as he thought, an uncommon name, somebody wanted to know how it was he selected him for ridicule. Why, asked the indignant writer, did not the entertainer choose some common name, such as Brown, Jones or Robinson, and not that borne by him? It was useless to point out to such people that the entertainer had never heard of their existence even. Each of them firmly believed that he was the original of a certain character.

SOTHERN AND JOANNES.

Sothern again; what a curious experience was his! The actor, when playing in America as Fitzaltamont in "The Crushed Tragedian," one morning was called upon by an "interviewer," who told him that a Count Joannes, once an actor of the old school of which Sothern made fun, had brought a suit to stop the performance of the piece on the ground that the comedian's makeup maligned him and burlesqued his identity. Sothern thought the affair was a joke, but when the reporter assured him it was serious he said:

"If I have to go down to that court to show cause, by George! I pity the man that brings me. I won't let him rest while his worried life clings to him. He shall get telegrams and postcards from this time on forever. Do about it? Why, I shall appear, of course."

Presently another reporter was announced. Sothern again professed never to have heard of the suit brought against him.

"How would you fight it if the count should challenge you?" asked the press man.

"I should prefer the date to be the 1st of April, and although I haven't very fully considered the question, I think the weapons should be cannon. Yes, on reflection, I am sure I should insist on those cannon that discharge 170 shots a minute. He should sit upon one of those engines and I upon another, and we should continue to discharge them until there should be no remnant of either count or Sothern."

All this and much more was published under startling headlines on the following morning. Count Joannes, however, was terribly in earnest, though, of course, nothing came of his suit except a capital advertisement, of which full advantage was taken.

ANGERED BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Of modern authors Wilkie Collins decidedly had the most remarkable series of encounters with the class of people who identify themselves with purely imaginary personages. "A bourgeoise of Paris," he himself has told us, "reading 'The Woman in White' in a French translation, wrote to say that he had flung the book to the other end of the room on discovering that Fosco was an absolutely perfect likeness of himself. He naturally insisted on receiving satisfaction for this insult, leaving the choice of swords or pistols to me, as the challenged person. Information on which he could rely had assured him that I meditated a journey to Paris early in the ensuing week. A hostile meeting might, in such circumstances, be easily arranged." Arrived in Paris, Wilkie Collins looked for his honorable opponent in vain.

Again Mr. Collins invested a character who was so careful about the quantity of his food that he weighed it in little scales at table. Shortly after the publication of the novel a gentleman called upon the author.

"You have no right, sir, to caricature me!" exclaimed the caller to the astonished novelist; "I weigh my food in little scales, sir. Here they are, sir. I always carry them about with me by the advice of my physician; but is that any reason why I should be held up to ridicule, sir?"

And the gentleman refused to be pacified, though Mr. Collins protested that he had never before heard of such a habit. On another occasion a reader of "Armadale" called upon him and upbraided him for putting his house into print. The description, it is said, was exact, although the popular writer had never seen the place.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The Tale of Bluebeard.

The tale of Bluebeard is familiar to every child, but many have speculated on the original of this bogey, merciless tyrant. Some say it was a satire on Henry VIII, of wife killing notoriety. Dr. C. Taylor thinks it is a type of the castle lords in the days of knight errantry. According, however, to a popular belief, Charles Perrault, the French author of this fascinating story, founded it on the history of a certain Giles de Retz, lord of Laral, who during his lifetime was known by the name of "Barbe Bleu," or "Bluebeard," on account of the peculiar bluish black hue of his beard. This lord had a mania for sorcery and magic, and was accused of murdering six wives. He was ultimately strangled and burned in 1440.—New York Ledger.

Marked Progress.

Ignoramus—How is the work of civilizing and Christianizing Africa progressing?

Cultivated Friend—Very nicely. The European powers have finally succeeded in dividing the land among them without a war.—New York Weekly.

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THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

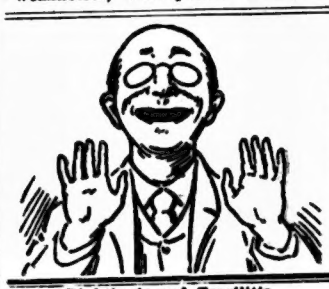
Your face is like a drooping flower,
Sweetheart!
I see you fading, hour by hour,
Sweetheart!
Your rounded outlines waste away,
In vain I weep, in vain I pray,
What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
Sweetheart! Sweetheart!
Why, nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The hand of time deals lightly with a woman in perfect health. But all functional derangements and disorders peculiar to women leave their mark. You needn't have them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to your rescue as no other medicine can. It cures them.

For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and all "female complaints" and "weaknesses," it is a positive remedy.

The "Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, restorative tonic and nervine, imparting strength to the whole system in general, and to the uterine organs and appendages in particular. It keeps years from your face and figure—but adds years to your life. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction *in every case*. If it doesn't, your money is returned.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.



"Well! Well!"

That's the way you feel after one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. You feel well, instead of bilious and constipated; your sick headache, dizziness and indigestion are gone. It's done mildly and easily, too. You don't have to feel worse before you feel better. That is the trouble with the huge, old-fashioned pill. These are small, sugar-coated, easiest to take. One little Pellet's a laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They're the *cheapest* pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Diphtheria and Tonsilitis.

Diphtheria is a constitutional disease; it is in the blood, but it many times manifests itself locally in the throat. It often causes white spots to appear on the tonsils and even on other parts of the throat. But these white spots are far different in appearance from those seen in tonsilitis. A great number of persons are frightened as soon as they see white spots on the tonsils; but if there is no epidemic of diphtheria in the neighborhood do not, as a general thing, fear that the trouble is diphtheria. In nine cases out of ten it is tonsilitis.

A dangerous symptom in this case, however, is a bad sore throat without fever at the outset. I have seen the most fatal cases of diphtheria start in this way, and I dread such cases most of all. A troublesome sore throat before the fever comes on is suspicious, and needs a physician promptly. A fever, accompanied generally with coryza, but not always, followed by sore throat, is probably tonsilitis, and can be treated at home generally. We may get white spots in both cases. The white spots differ widely in the two diseases. In tonsilitis the white spots are merely dead cells that are broken down, disintegrated and are forced to the surface. They can be brushed away, but they are a trifling thing as compared with the spots in diphtheria.

Without going deeply into the subject of diphtheria at this time, I shall simply say that the spots in this disease are the appearance at the surface of the tonsils of a tenacious membrane. This membrane dips down into the surface of the tonsils, and if removed leaves a bleeding, ugly track behind it, which is later filled with another membrane just as tenacious.—A Physician in Boston Globe.

At Old Trinity.

Trinity college is the largest, and has between 700 and 800 students. I must write a word about the wife of the master of Trinity—Mrs. Butler, formerly Miss Ramsey. You remember perhaps that three years ago there was so much excitement because she was senior classic. The queen sent for her, and she was feted everywhere. She was the daughter of Sir George Ramsey, of Scotland, a fine classical scholar, and soon afterward married Dr. Butler. But you can hardly know what this means till you know the position of the master of Trinity. He is a king in Cambridge. He represents the hospitality of the whole university and has a salary commensurate to his duties. The queen has a suite of apartments at Trinity. The Prince of Wales, the prime minister, foreign embassadors—all are received by the master and his wife.

You ask me about the college for women. It started in this way: About 1870 Miss Emily Davis, daughter of a Welsh clergyman, took a house at Doching, forty miles from Cambridge, and matronized a few young ladies. She asked the university to send up teachers for instruction. They did so. She started without funds, but today a magnificent building, with imposing architecture, called "Girton college," situated at Girton, half a mile from Cambridge, proves the success of her movement.

Her motto is: "No double code. Same requirements for women as men, same studies, same degrees."—London Letter.

Killed by a Kiss.

The snow came down like a fine gauze. The people flitted by the coroner's office windows with collars turned up and heads bowed to the storm.

"This weather reminds me," said Coroner Jenkins to the group about him, "of such a day about two years ago. I was requested to investigate a case of sudden death. I had often heard of persons dying of fright, but I was not prepared to believe it. Upon being conducted into the parlor I was informed by the owner, a well known merchant, that his daughter had died under peculiar circumstances. She had arisen apparently in good health and high spirits.

"While she was seated at the table talking with her mother, her brother, who was about to leave for business, came up behind her stealthily and kissed her full in the mouth before she was aware who it was. The girl screamed, sank back in a dead faint and when she was brought to went into convulsions and died before medical attendance could arrive. The whole family were of a highly nervous temperament, very excitable and subject to hysteria. The autopsy showed that the girl had been perfectly healthy. Death was undoubtedly due to a nervous shock."—New York World.

Mermaids and Mermen.

The dugong, a species of whale found abundantly in the waters of both the great oceans, but especially off the coast of Australia, in the Pacific, is believed to have furnished the slender basis upon which all mermaids and mermen stories have been founded. Its average length is from eight to twenty feet. It has a head much resembling that of the human species, and breathes by means of lungs. It feeds upon submarine beds of seaweeds, and when wounded makes a noise like a mad bull. Long hair in the female species, and hair and beard in the male, add to the human resemblance of the head and neck. The flesh of this species of whale is used for food, and is said to have the flavor of bacon, mutton or beef according to the parts of the body from which the meat is taken.—St. Louis Republic.

Wire Nails from Plate Steel.

It has always been considered impossible to cut wire nails from any material except wire, but it is reported that an ingenious arrangement has been introduced into a mill in Pittsburg which enables wire nails to be made from steel plate. This invention may be attached to the ordinary cut nail machine, and is said to be capable of producing perfectly formed nails in greater quantity than is possible by the present wire nail.—Philadelphia Record.

If farmers knew as much about farming as financiers do, or think they do, and if financiers knew as much about finances as fasmers do, or think they do, there would be an elysium on earth.

The difference between knowing how and not knowing how is remarkable in the getting up of public meetings. The novice always makes a mess of it. He is not sure of his speakers; he does not know how to get his audience together, or to amuse it when he has got it. The expert, on the other hand, has all the points covered, and makes the thing go off with a snap.

AN ACTRESS' HARD LOT.

SHE HAS TO WORK HARDER THAN MOST PEOPLE DREAM OF.

With from Seven to Nine Performances a Week, Traveling and Daily Rehearsals, She Has Little Time Left for Pleasure—The Story of One.

"Seems to me it must be lots of fun to be an actress. I should so like to be one. You have such nice times traveling around, and then you see so much of the world." It was a sweet little bit of ingenuosity with large brown eyes who made this remark. Her vis-a-vis, whose name is well known to the theatrical world, looked at her a moment much as a fond parent listens to the sometimes startling chatter of a child and replied, half sadly, "You have much to learn, my dear."

Then, after closing her exquisitely curved lips over a succulent Blue Point, she pushed her plate from her and added: "But don't try to learn the truth or falsity of your belief by experience. Put full confidence in me, little one, when I tell you that this time you are very wrong. There is very little fun in the life of an actress—none that she might not have in some other vocation—and as for seeing the world, by which you doubtless mean taking in the sights of the different cities in which she plays, well, listen to me a moment.

REHEARSING.

"A week ago Sunday night in New York, after rehearsing for three hours in the afternoon a play which we had been producing nightly since the beginning of the season, we took the train for Boston. We got there Monday morning, and after breakfast rehearsed at the Globe theatre till half-past 1. Then we lunched and took the 3 o'clock train for Worcester, where we arrived just in time to get to the theatre and dress for the play. It over, we repacked and took a train the next morning at 9:30 for Albany, where we arrived at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

We rehearsed till 6 o'clock, got supper and rushed back to the theatre to dress. My cue comes a few moments after the curtain goes up, and that night, owing to a delay in getting my trunk, I was late in getting dressed and kept the stage waiting not quite fifteen seconds, for which I was fined $5. We rehearsed two hours the next morning, and the afternoon was spent listening to the manager read a new play and give his directions as to how he wanted the different characters interpreted.

"That night after the play we took the 1:35 a. m. train for Rochester, where we arrived in time for breakfast. Then we rehearsed the new play till noon, and in the afternoon we rehearsed the old one. The hotel we stopped at was a poor one, and the meals were worse. My dressing room at the theatre was so cold that I got a sore throat. We took the 2:20 a. m. for Buffalo, for almost freezing to death at the hotel, and in order not to mar the even tenor of our way there was no fire in the car.

"We all counted, however, on being able to get some rest at our hotel in Buffalo. But immediately we had breakfast we were ordered to report at the theatre for rehearsal. We rehearsed till 1 o'clock, and were told to be back at 3 to rehearse an act of the old play. I lay down for a moment after dinner and did not awake till supper time. Of course I missed the rehearsal, and of course I was fined $5.

ON THE ROAD.

"The next day being Saturday the manager was good enough to leave us to ourselves in the morning. But, my love, you may be sure that if any one spent the time taking in the sights of the city it was in his dreams, for no one got up till dinner time, and after dinner we had all to go to the theatre for the matinee. After the evening performance, which was cut at every possible point, we packed as quickly as possible to catch the Chicago train at 11:30. I had an upper berth over some old man who snored so I couldn't sleep, and when we reached Chicago Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock I was worn out. But I managed to snatch an hour's sleep at the hotel; then I had to rush to the theatre, for in Chicago, you know, we play Sunday nights. No, we don't play in many other cities on Sunday, only in New Orleans and St. Louis, but in the afternoon we must always have a long rehearsal, which is about as hard.

"Well, because the play went a little badly in one or two places Sunday night (and it was no wonder, considering that most all of us were nearly dead for want of sleep) we had to rehearse it twice on Monday, once in the morning and once in the afternoon. Tuesday we rehearsed the new piece twice, and on Wednesday morning we rehearsed it again. In the afternoon we had a matinee. This morning we had to rehearse, and we had another matinee this afternoon—and when we have finished our supper, little one, I must hurry back to the theatre to play.

"Is this the way I always work? Yes. And too, as I expect to have to work so long as I remain on the stage, and as most all whom you see before the footlights with smiling faces and who, you think, must have such lots of fun and see so much of the world, have to work. Now, do you like to be an actress?" The little one stunned for the moment by the death of her ideal life, looked mournfully into the face of the actress, then slowly shook her head.—Chicago Herald.

His Opinion.

The matrimonial state can hardly be said to have been extravagantly lauded, either explicitly or by inference, by the bachelor who exclaimed, "I'm glad of it!" when he heard that an acquaintance of his was just married, and then, after a moment's reflection, mused aloud, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."—All the Year Round.

Making Duty Pleasant.

Sheriff (to culprit whom he has just arrested)—This is a very unpleasant duty to me, I assure you.

"Well, make it pleasant for both of us by letting me go."—Epoch.

DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may not cure "right off" a complaint of years; persist until a cure is effected. As a general rule, improvement follows shortly after beginning the use of this medicine. With many people, the effect is immediately noticeable; but some constitutions are less susceptible to medicinal influences than others, and the curative process may, therefore, in such cases, be less prompt. Perseverance in using this remedy is sure of its reward at last. Sooner or later, the most stubborn blood diseases yield to

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Cured Me.

I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.

"For years I suffered from scrofula and blood diseases. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to health."—C. N. Frink, Decorah, Iowa.

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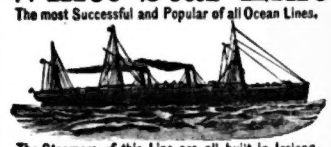

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 799 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 16th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 383 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Glow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sensee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pure hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnis, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 351 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 166 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 296 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtench, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 288 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 656 Lorrabee st; J Ravanesh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Kollar, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 243 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Adams and Halsted sts.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cleero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 3d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Khankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Supple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Ormnia, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P. H. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec., 1066 Van Horn st; John Carroll, Fin Sec.; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1726 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 353 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres, 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P. D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., P. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche. Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Derrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3750 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Heuely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy, Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Millwaukee av.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenus, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas., Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 327 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3203 Lowe av; V.-P., J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3529 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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WHEN TATTOOING WAS POPULAR.

During the Civil War Tattooers Reaped a Harvest Among Seamen.

So clever was the artist in tattooing in days of the civil war that every stay, spar or portion of rigging in use on board a warship appeared outlined upon the human skin with a fidelity in regard to detail well nigh equal to that of steel engraving.

A representation of a fox hunt, which design covered the entire body, was a favorite one among navy seamen. In most cases this design was skillfully tattooed, and even beautifully, the huntsmen in red coats, the horses at full gallop, the leaping hounds and fleeing fox appearing wonderfully lifelike in their attitudes and proportions. For the ornamentation of the arms some design of a national character was usually chosen by men seeking to be tattooed.

A goddess of liberty bearing the national flag and seated upon a flying eagle's back was for years a favorite design among sailors. A full length picture of the goddess of liberty with hand resting upon a national shield and with the topmasts of several vessels appearing in the background was another popular design for the forearm. The national coat of arms and also the one peculiar to the navy were popular pieces.

Seamen of a religious turn of mind usually selected a representation of the crucifixion of Christ to appear on their forearms. Others preferred to have a design representing Christ crowned with thorns appear upon either their back or breast.

"The sailor's farewell," representing a maiden and sailor in the act of parting with each other, and with a full rigged ship in the background, was perhaps the most popular design of the many in use among navy sailors during the war. There were numerous other designs in use, a description of which would occupy more space than can be afforded in this sketch.

The most singularly tattooed man ever met with by the writer was an individual who during the civil war served on board the sloop of war San Jacinto. Upon this man's body appeared a perfect representation, save as to color, of the flags of all nations. These designs covered nearly every portion of the man's body from the neck downward.

Freemasons, Odd Fellows and those belonging to kindred organizations were often wont to adorn their hands, arms and bodies with a whole or a part of the symbols of their respective orders. Of the smaller designs the initials of one's name was perhaps the most sensible of all others chosen to appear on one's body.

The professional tattooers did a thriving business in our navy during the civil war. The price demanded by them for the work they performed varied with the size and character of the design chosen by the person to be tattooed. The price for tattooing the fox hunt was fixed at $70. For a full rigged ship $35 was demanded. For any piece requiring time and the exercise of more than ordinary skill in its completion a sum ranging from $10 to $70 was demanded. The placing of a star or anchor upon a man's hand was a simple affair with tattooers, who for tattooing either design charged fifty cents.

Certain of the celebrities in tattooing serving in our navy during the civil war left the service having in their possession quite a respectable sum of money obtained by them in the steady pursuit of their peculiar calling. Bill Haswell, of Baltimore, who in his day was held to be unequaled as a tattooer, is said to have retired from the navy after a cruise of twenty-six months with upward of $5,000 over and above his regular pay, which was that of a seaman.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The Telephone Responsible.

Until the introduction of the telephone the retailer of toys and notions never knew what it was to incur bad debts. He did not have to placard his store with "please don't ask for credit" signs, for no one seemed to think of coming in to buy toys or trifles unless he had the wherewithal handy to pay for them. But now orders come by telephone which no one likes to ignore, nor can the c. o. d. system be rigidly enforced, however much one may try. So every year a larger sum has to be written off to profit and loss as "bad debts," for the amounts, although large in the aggregate, are too small to make their collection a commercial possibility.

Another bad result from the telephone, so far as this business is concerned, is the increased percentage of goods which have to be delivered. Toys bought over the counter are nearly always taken home, but telephone orders have to be sent, however trifling the profit may be. I know of two instances in which telephones have been abandoned in the hope of forcing a return to the old regime. But the wheels of progress cannot be clogged, and as long as there is an obliging druggist in the block to receive and forward orders, and a rival store close by with a telephone in it, the new order of things will continue.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Real Amazons.

Among the numerous army of veterans which came to this capital Sunday we observed several women who, shouldering their guns with belts girded to their loins, marched, keeping time to the drums, and showing by their bearing and demeanor as much discipline as the best soldier. It cannot be denied that Salvador, as far as the defense and the preservation of its rights is concerned, stands among the first nations of America, since frail woman, though strong in these cases, volunteers willingly to go into the battlefield, not only to be of use in lending succor to her wounded husband or son fighting for his rights, but also to their country by shouldering a rifle and firing on the enemy cartridges, which by nature she would fear to touch. There, we say, must exist great love of country, profound patriotism and great zeal for their liberty and independence for their fatherland.—El Mensajero de Salvador.

Foolish Extravagance.

Mr. De Style—My dear, I have engaged a box at the opera to-night.

Mrs. De Style—The idea! You know I'm so hoarse that I can't speak above a whisper.—New York Weekly.

An officer of the Sixty-ninth regiment, of New York, says that when the regiment turns out on parade it has a band of sixty-five pieces, of which every man gets $6 excepting the leader, who gets $12. The drum major gets $9 a day.

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ESTATE OF MICHAEL SHEEHAN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Sheehan deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

DELIA SHEEHAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 20, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF LUKE SINNON, ALIAS LOUIS Synan, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Luke Sinnon, alias Louis Synan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

ISABELLA RYAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 13, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JAMES KEHOE, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of James Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

MARGARET KEHOE, Executrix of the last will and testament of James Kehoe, deceased.

Dated Chicago, January 7, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. December Term, A. D 1890 Edward Mackey vs. David Mackey. In Chancery. No. 87,740.

Notice is hereby given to the said David Mackey that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
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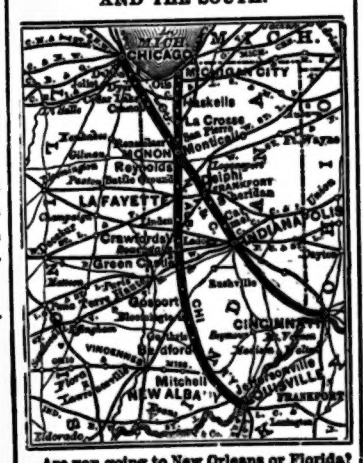

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